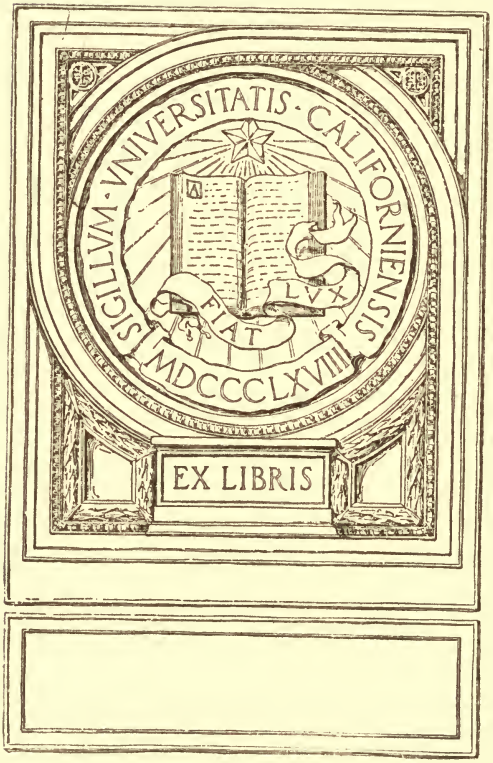
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BRAND WHITLOCK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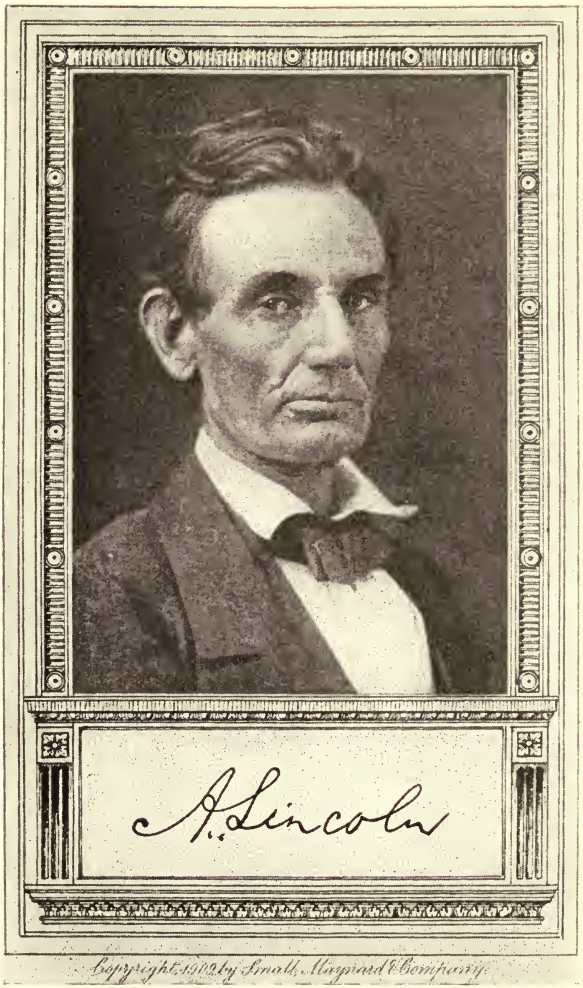
ABRAHAM LINCOLN



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

BRAND WHITLOCK

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TO

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PREFACE

To compress between the covers of a little book like this the whole story of Abraham Lincoln, to present within such limitations a life so epical, a character so original and yet so universal, is obviously impossible. It would be impossible, indeed, in a work of a score of volumes. The fascinating subject has already yielded a whole literature. In the List of Lincolniana in the Library of Congress, compiled by Mr. George Thomas Ritchie, there are already a thousand titles. Almost any phase of Lincoln's remarkable personality is worth a volume by itself. Mr. Hill, for instance, has written a charming book on "Lincoln the Lawyer," devoted in the main to what, in many respects, is the most interesting period of his life; namely, those years when he was on the old Eighth Circuit. Mr. Bates's reminiscences of

"Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" are most delightful. The student will wish to read Herndon's racy pages,—though he would better take some of them with a grain of salt,—for these supply the biographers with all that is known of the early life of the subject. He will wish, too, to read Lamon, who used Herndon's materials; he will wish to peruse the pious pages of Holland; and he will find valuable the data which but for Miss Tarbell might otherwise have been lost. He will find Nicolay and Hay's monumental work authoritative, if not definitive; and he will not like to miss the fine flavor of that latest volume, so sympathetic, so full of insight, that has come to us from over the sea in Mr. Binns's most excellent Life. He will wish to read, also, the intimate personal sketches Walt Whitman has scattered all through his prose; and above all, of course, he will wish to read Lincoln's speeches, letters, messages, and State papers, where, better than any other words can give it, is to be found the expression of his noble personality.

To all these works, to all those cited in the Bibliography, the present writer owes, and wishes to express, his gratitude and acknowledgments. All he knows, aside from some personal recollections of Springfield friends, he got from them. He makes no claim of original research or new material: he has contributed nothing of his own save the labour of condensation and a love of the subject which finds it hard to resist the temptation to write at as great a length as any of them. He would, however, urge the reader to get the other books about the greatest American, and to seek out for himself the secret that was in his wonderful and beautiful life,—the secret that, let us hope, was revealed to America for the saving of the world.

BRAND WHITLOCK.

TOLEDO, October 20, 1908

CHRONOLOGY

1809

February 12. Abraham Lincoln was born on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in Hardin, now LaRue County, Kentucky.

1816

Removed with his parents to Indiana, settling on Little Pigeon Creek, near Gentryville, Spencer County.

1818

Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his mother, died.

1819

His father married Sarah Bush Johnston.

1828

Went to New Orleans on a flatboat.

1830

The Lincolns went to Illinois, settling near Decatur, Macon County.

Abraham split the historic rails.

1831

Went to New Orleans on a flatboat.

July. Went to New Salem, Sangamon County. Clerk in store.

1832

March. Announced himself candidate for legislature.

Captain in Black Hawk War.

July. Mustered out.

August. Defeated for election.

1833

Engaged in business with Berry. Began to study law.

The firm of Lincoln & Berry failed.

May. Postmaster of New Salem. Deputy surveyor of Sangamon County.

1834

Again candidate for legislature, and elected.

1835

Was at Vandalia as member of legislature. Met Stephen A. Douglas.

Fell in love with Anne Rutledge, who died. Was plunged into melancholia.

CHRONOLOGY

1836

Love affair with Mary Owens.

Re-elected to legislature. Leader of "Long Nine." Worked for Internal Improvement bubble, and succeeded in having State capital removed to Springfield.

Protested against resolutions condemning abolitionism.

Admitted to the bar.

1837

Settled in Springfield, forming partnership with John T. Stuart.

1838

Re-elected to legislature. Minority candidate for Speaker.

1840

Candidate for Presidential elector on Whig ticket. Stumped the State for Harrison. Had encounters with Douglas.

Re-elected to legislature, and again minority candidate for Speaker.

1841

He and Douglas rivals for hand of Mary Todd. Engagement with Mary Todd broken. Ill and almost deranged. Visited his friend Joshua Speed in Kentucky.

Challenged to a duel by James T. Shields.

April 14. Formed law partnership with Judge Stephen T. Logan.

Refused Whig nomination for governor.

1842

November 4. Married to Mary Todd.

1843

September 20. Formed law partnership with William H. Herndon.

1844

Candidate for Presidential elector on Whig ticket, and stumped Illinois and Indiana for Henry Clay.

1846

Elected to the Thirtieth Congress over Peter Cartwright.

1847

In Congress. Introduced famous "Spot" Resolutions.

1848

Presidential elector on Whig ticket, and stumped New England for Taylor.

December. Attended second session of the Thirtieth Congress. Voted for Wilmot Proviso and Ashmun's amendment.

Introduced bill abolishing slavery in District of Columbia.

Sought appointment as commissioner of General Lands Office, and failed.

Declined appointment as Territorial Governor of Oregon.

Went back to Springfield, disappointed and disillusioned.

1849

Practised law on old Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois.

1852

Campaigned for Scott.

1854

Roused by repeal of Missouri Compromise and passage of Kansas-Nebraska bill.

Attacked Douglas's position.

November. Elected to legislature against his will.

1855

January. Resigned from legislature to become candidate for United States senator.

February. Defeated for United States senator.

1856

May 29. Spoke at Bloomington Convention, which organised the Republican party in Illinois.

Received 110 votes for Vice-President in Republican Convention at Philadelphia.

Candidate for Presidential elector on Republican ticket, and campaigned for Frémont.
Attacked Douglas's position.

1858

June 16. Nominated for United States Senate by Republicans in State Convention.
July 24. Challenged Douglas to joint debate.
Great debate with Douglas.
Carried Illinois for Republicans on popular vote, but lost a majority of the legislative districts.

1859

January. Defeated for Senate by Douglas before legislature.
Spoke that fall in Ohio, and in December in Kansas.

1860

February 27. Delivered notable address at Cooper Institute, New York.
Spoke also in New England.
May 9. Named by Illinois Convention at Decatur as "Rail" candidate for President.
May 16. Nominated for President by Republicans at Chicago.
November. Elected.

1861

February 11. Left Springfield for Washington.
March 4. Inaugurated as President.

CHRONOLOGY

April 13. Fall of Fort Sumter.

April 15. Issued call for volunteers, and convened Congress in extraordinary session for July 4.

July 21. Battle of Bull Run.

July 25. Appointed McClellan to command Army of Potomac.

November 1. Appointed McClellan commander-in-chief, under the President, of all armies.

December 3. Message to Congress.

December 25. Ordered the return of Mason and Slidell, captured Commissioners of the Confederacy, and averted war with England.

1862

January 13. Appointed Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War.

Sent special message to Congress, recommending gradual compensated emancipation of slaves.

July 11. Appointed Halleck general-in-chief.

September 22. Issued preliminary proclamation of emancipation after battle of Antietam.

December. Message to Congress again urging gradual compensated emancipation.

Superseded McClellan in command of Army of the Potomac by Burnside.

December 13. Burnside defeated at Fredericksburg.

1863

January 1. Issued Emancipation Proclamation.

January 26. Appointed Hooker to succeed Burnside.

May 2. Hooker lost battle of Chancellorsville.

June 27. Appointed Meade to succeed Hooker.

July 1–4. Battle of Gettysburg.

July 4. Fall of Vicksburg.

September 19–20. Battle of Chickamauga.

November 19. Delivered address at dedication of the National Cemetery on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

November 24–25. Grant won battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

December 8. Message to Congress and Proclamation of Amnesty.

1864

March 3. Commissioned Grant lieutenant-general and placed him in command of all the armies.

June 7. Renominated for President by Republican National Convention at Baltimore.

August 23. Had premonition of defeat.

November 8. Re-elected.

1865

February 1. Hampton Roads Peace Conference with Confederate Commissioners.

March 4. Inaugurated as President a second time.

March 22. Visited Grant at City Point.

CHRONOLOGY

April 4. Entered Richmond.
April 14. Shot in Ford's Theatre at 10.20 o'clock in the evening.
April 15. Died at 7.22 o'clock in the morning.
May 4. Buried in Springfield.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I

THE story of Lincoln, perfect in its unities, appealing to the imagination like some old tragedy, has been told over and over, and will be told over and over again. The log cabin where he was born, the axe he swung in the backwoods, the long sweep to which he bent on the flatboat in the river, the pine knot at midnight,—these are the rough symbols of the forces by which he made his own slow way. Surveyor and legislator, country lawyer riding the circuit, politician on the stump and in Congress, the unwearied rival of Douglas, finally, as the lucky choice of a new party, the President,—the story is wholly typical of these States in that earlier epoch when the like was possible to any boy. But the story does not

end here. He is in the White House at last, but in an hour when realised ambitions turn to ashes, the nation is divided, a crisis confronts the land, and menaces the old cause of liberty. We see him become the wise leader of that old cause, the sad, gentle captain of a mighty war, the liberator of a whole race, and not only the saviour of a republic, but the creator of a nation; and then, in the very hour of triumph,—the tragedy for which destiny plainly marked him. Rightly told, the story is the epic of America.

It was like him to have little interest in his forbears. In the brief autobiographical notes of 1859 he mentioned the Lincolns of Massachusetts, but he did not know that with them he was descended from those Lincolns who came from England about 1635. The genealogists trace the line down to that Abraham who, in Kentucky in 1788, was killed by the Indians. The tragedy separated the family. Thomas, the youngest son, was only ten. He did not

even know how to read. He worked as he could, became a carpenter, and in 1806 married his cousin, Nancy Hanks, whose pathetic young figure has emerged from mystery as the daughter of Joseph Hanks and his Quaker wife, Nannie Shipley, whose sister Mary was Thomas Lincoln's mother.

At Elizabethtown a daughter was born. Then they moved to a farm on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, three miles from Hodgensville, in what was then Hardin, now LaRue, County. And here in a cabin, on February 12, 1809, their second child was born. They named him Abraham, after old Abraham, his grandfather, who had been killed by the Indians. When he was four years old, his father removed to Knob Creek, then, in 1816, abandoned his clearing, and went to Indiana. He staked off a claim on Pigeon Creek, near Gentryville, Spencer County, and built a "half-faced camp" of unhewn logs, without floor, enclosed on three sides, the open front protected only by skins. Here they lived for a whole

year. Then Thomas and Betsy Sparrow came, and Dennis Hanks, and they reared a log cabin. The life was hard, but Abraham could play and sometimes hunt with his cousin Dennis, though he was too tenderhearted to kill, and after one day shooting a wild turkey, he never afterward, as he was able to record in 1860, "pulled the trigger on any larger game." Despite the abounding game, however, the fare was poor; and one day, after the "blessing" had been said over the monotonous potatoes, the boy looked up with that expression which in later years foretold a joke, and said, "I call these mighty poor blessings."

In 1818 the settlement was swept by the dreaded "milk-sick." Thomas and Betsy Sparrow died of it; then Thomas Lincoln's wife fell ill. She lived a week, and, calling the children to her bed of skins and leaves, she told them "to love their kindred and worship God," and so died. There were no ceremonies at this most miserable funeral, and the winter that came upon the grave in the forest, where

Thomas Lincoln laid his wife in the rude coffin he had made, beat on a desolate home. The motherless children shivered in a cabin without a floor, and the sorrow of it all, the mystery of death, the loneliness of the woods, made a dark impression on the sensitive boy.

But back in Kentucky there was a widow, Sarah Buck Johnston, once a sweetheart of Thomas Lincoln. He went to court her, and in December, 1819, they were married. Her household goods—among them "a walnut bureau valued at fifty dollars"—improved the cabin, and the family, augmented by her three children, began life anew. This motherly housewife dressed the forlorn little Lincolns in her own children's clothes, and for the first time they knew the luxury of a feather bed. And, best miracle of all, she inspired Thomas to lay a floor, mend doors, cut windows, and plaster the chinks in the cabin walls. She had what poor Nancy Hanks had lacked,—the robust strength for rude labour. She was a "very tall woman, straight as an Indian, of fair complex-

ion, . . . handsome, sprightly, talkative and proud." And between her and the young Abraham there grew a love which was to last all his life: she said he was the best son woman ever had. Thomas Lincoln had little patience with "book learning," and, failing to interest Abraham in carpentry, hired him out to neighbours. He went to school, as he said, "by littles,"—scarcely a year in all; but he learned "reading, writing and ciphering to the Rule o' Three," became an excellent penman, and, it is said, corrected the spelling and the pronunciation of the family name, which in the settlement was "Linkhern" or "Linkhorn." The new mother encouraged him to study at home, and he read "every book he heard of within a circuit of fifty miles,"—Murray's *English Reader,* the Bible, Æsop's *Fables, Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress,* a History of the United States, and Weems's *Life of Washington.* This last book he had borrowed of Josiah Crawford, and one night, through carelessness, it was stained and warped by rain. Crawford

made him pull fodder for three days at twenty-five cents a day to pay for the volume, and the boy in revenge bestowed on him the enduring nickname of "Blue Nose."

From these books he made extracts in brier-root ink with a pen made from a buzzard's quill. Sometimes he figured with charcoal on the wooden fire-shovel, shaving it off white and clean when it was covered. He studied by the firelight, and was up with his book at dawn. He read everything, even the Revised Statutes of Indiana; and, if he did not commit its contents to memory,—for so preposterously has the legend grown,—he must have studied the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. He would mount a stump and harangue the field hands, telling even then his stories or imitating to the life the last itinerant preacher who had passed that way. He wrote, too, articles on "Temperance," on "Government," and on "Cruelty to Animals." Unkindness he could not endure, and unkindness was not uncommon among those thoughtless folk. Thus

he made friends—even of the town drunkard, whose life he saved one night by dragging him from a ditch. He even attempted rhymes and satire, not always in the best taste, avenging himself on Blue Nose Crawford and on the Grigsbys for not inviting him to a wedding. Of course, he attended court over at Boonville, walking fifteen miles to watch the little comedies and tragedies. Once he was bold enough to congratulate counsel for defence in a murder trial, and years afterward, in the White House, the greatest of the Presidents said to that lawyer, "I felt that, if I could ever make as good a speech as that, my soul would be satisfied."

He said his "father taught him to work, but never taught him to love it." He preferred the pioneer sports,—running and wrestling,—but he did work, and worked hard, making rails, ploughing, mowing, doing everything. At nineteen he attained his extraordinary physical growth, "six feet, two inches tall, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds—with long arms and legs, huge and awkward feet and hands, a slen-

der body and small head." Surely, an ungainly figure, almost grotesque, in coon-skin cap, linsey-woolsey shirt, and buckskin breeches so short that they exposed his shins. He was said to be "equal to three men," able to "lift and bear a pair of logs." He could "strike with a maul a heavier blow—could sink an axe deeper into wood than any man I ever saw."

In 1828 he went for the first time out into the world as bowman on a flatboat, down to New Orleans. It was an adventure for him, of course,—at Baton Rouge a fight with negroes, at New Orleans the levees and the slave mart.

Thus he grew and came to manhood, with some knowledge of books, some knowledge of men, some knowledge of life. His learning was tainted with the superstitions that were rife in the settlement, and always, in a measure, they clung to him, to merge in later years into the mysticism of his poetic nature. There had been sorrows, too: his sister Sarah had married and died in child-birth; then in 1829 the milk-sick again, and the call of the West.

In March, 1830, they set out for Illinois. The tall young Abraham, in coonskin cap and buckskins, strode beside the huge wagon, wielding a long gad over the oxen. They were two weeks on the way, over roads that froze by night and thawed by day, but at last they all arrived safely in the Sangamon country, even the dog which, left behind one morning after they had forded a stream, looked with such reproachful eyes that the tender-hearted Abraham waded to his rescue back through the icy waters. John Hanks met them five miles north-west of Decatur, in Macon County; and on a bluff overlooking the muddy Sangamon they built a cabin, split rails, fenced in fifteen acres, and broke the virgin prairie. Abraham was twenty-one and free. He remained in Macon County, however, that winter, splitting rails, "four hundred for every yard of jeans dyed with walnut juice necessary to make him a pair of trousers," and all of them for history, and in the spring found a patron in Denton Offut, an adventurer who engaged him, with

Hanks, to take a boat-load of provisions to New Orleans. At New Salem the boat grounded on a dam, and but for Lincoln's ingenuity would have been broken up. The incident moved Lincoln to invent and ultimately, in 1849, to patent an apparatus to lift vessels over shoals, and it introduced him to New Salem with *éclat,* for the people gathered and cheered the young navigator when he cleverly contrived to get his boat off the dam and on its way. At New Orleans he spent a month on the levee, among the half-savage rivermen; and the slave mart brought home to him in all poignancy and pity the institution he had already begun to study and, perhaps, to hate.

In August he was back at New Salem, "a piece of floating driftwood," as he said, awaiting Offut, who was to open a store. The village had a busy land office, twenty log cabins, and a hundred inhabitants. In seven years it had vanished from the earth. Here Lincoln loafed about, a river boatman out of a job, until election day, and then, naturally, loafed

about the polls. Mentor Graham, village schoolmaster, clerk of elections, needed an assistant, and, looking up, saw the tall, young stranger. "Can you write?" he asked. "I can make a few rabbit tracks," said Lincoln. He did the work to Graham's satisfaction, and, while the voters straggled up, "spun a stock of Indiana yarns." They made a hit, and New Salem long afterwards repeated his stories, even those, perhaps, that would better not have been repeated. Offut opened his store, put Lincoln in charge, bragged of him, and claimed that he could outrun, whip, or throw any man in Sangamon County. The "Clary's Grove Boys"—the name itself suggests their character—issued promptly from their strip of timber, declaring that Jack Armstrong was "a better man than Lincoln." Lincoln said he did not like to "tussle and scuffle," and despised "pulling and wooling," but he was badgered into it, and gave their champion a famous thrashing. The victory established him in New Salem, and the Clary's Grove Boys

formed the nucleus of his political following. Before long he had part in a picturesque scene, piloting the first steamboat, the *Talisman,* up the Sangamon. There was a banquet at Springfield to celebrate the event, but Lincoln was not invited. Only the "gentlemen" were asked, and Lincoln was but a pilot. Within a year Offut failed, and Lincoln found himself floating driftwood again.

A young man in the Illinois of 1832, who was ambitious, given to stump-speaking, to the reading of history and of law, and to arguing in country stores, must necessarily have found a lively interest in politics. So it was with Lincoln. From youth he had been attracted by the romantic figure of Henry Clay, and had adopted most of his political principles. If he was not a Whig, he was Whiggish, as Lamon puts it. To one of Clay's principles, that of gradual, compensated emancipation, he clung with devotion all his life. In March, therefore, of the year under notice, he announced himself as a candidate for the legislature, de-

claring in favour of "at least a moderate education" for every man, and a law against usury, though "in cases of extreme necessity there could always be means found to cheat the law. . . . My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county. . . . But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

Here, indeed, with the people he had to leave his case, for his campaign was presently interrupted by the Black Hawk War. The old chief of the Sacs, who gave his name to this last Indian uprising in Illinois, had broken the treaties by which the tribes had gone beyond the Mississippi, and, asserting that "land cannot be sold," appeared at the head of his braves in war paint on the ancestral hunting-grounds in northern Illinois. Governor Reynolds called for volunteers, and Lincoln was among the first to respond. The Clary's Grove Boys, glad of a chance of fun and fighting, enlisted

enthusiastically, and elected Lincoln captain,—"a success," he afterwards wrote, "which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since." His enjoyment of the whole experience, indeed, seems to have been keen. But withal there were weariness and hardship. He was learning something of the gentle art of ruling men, though with his company, impatient of discipline, the art was not so gentle, after all; and there is an instance in which Captain Lincoln had to face his whole command, mutinous and threatening, and to put his own body between them and a poor friendly Indian who, with safe conduct from General Cass, had taken refuge in camp. When his company was mustered out, he re-enlisted immediately as a private. He saw no fighting and killed no Indians, and was able long afterward to convulse Congress by a humorous account of his "war record." The war ended in July, and he got back to New Salem in time to stump the county before the election in August, when he was defeated,—"the only time," as he said in the *Autobiog-*

raphy, "I have ever been beaten by the people."

Failing of employment in the three village groceries, he and a man named Berry bought out one of them, giving their notes for the purchase price. Then, by the same means, they bought out the other two, and thus had a monopoly. But unlike some monopolies, even when procured by such financiering, this did not succeed. Then the firm secured a license to sell liquor,—an incident of the business in those days,—but Berry drank up the liquor himself, while Lincoln, his heels cocked up on the counter, or sprawling under a tree outside the door, was reading Shakespeare, Burns, Gibbon, Rollin, and a little later Paine and Voltaire. It is said that he wrote a monograph on Deism which was burned by a friend, who just then had more political sense than Lincoln, though later on neither he nor any man could have had more. Next he was deep in Blackstone. He had found the book in a barrel of rubbish he had obligingly bought from

some poor fellow in trouble, and nothing had ever so interested and absorbed him. He began, too, with the help of Mentor Graham, the study of English grammar.

With both members of the firm thus preoccupied, it is not surprising that in the spring of 1833 the business "winked out," to use Lincoln's phrase. He was not a "business man" then or ever. Soon Berry died, and Lincoln was left alone with the firm's indebtedness, about twelve hundred dollars,—to him an appalling sum. But, with the humour that saved every situation to him, he called it "the national debt," and, paying it as he could, he was thus referring to it as late as 1848, sending home part of his salary as Congressman to apply on it.

In May he was commissioned postmaster of New Salem. The office was so small that old Andrew Jackson must have overlooked it, —so small, indeed, that Lincoln distributed the letters from his hat and read the newspapers before he delivered them. But he was scrupu-

lous always, and years afterward, when a government agent came to Springfield to make settlement, Lincoln from his trunk drew forth "an old blue sock with a quantity of silver and copper coin tied up in it," and was able to turn over the identical moneys he had collected in his official capacity, which, often and sorely as he had needed money, he had never touched.

And now he got a better chance. With the wild speculation in Illinois lands, John Calhoun, county surveyor, had more than he could do, and offered Lincoln a post as deputy. Lincoln knew nothing of surveying, but said he could learn, and, bargaining for political freedom,—Calhoun was a Democrat,—he mastered the science and went to work. His surveys were accurate, and he was doing well, when suddenly "the national debt" loomed before him in the sinister figure of a man who held notes of the extinct firm. But he found friends, and James Short and Bowling Green, justice of the peace, redeemed for him his horse and surveying instruments which the creditor had levied

on. Indeed, the whole story of those New Salem days is the story of the kindness, the helpfulness, that always prevail among the poor. One picture reveals it all. Hannah Armstrong, the wife of that Jack whom Lincoln thrashed, always had milk and mush or cornbread for him. He would "bring the children candy, and rock the cradle while she got him something to eat." And, when Lincoln got buckskins as his first pay for surveying Hannah "foxed" them on his trousers. In 1834 Lincoln again offered himself for the legislature. All that summer he was electioneering, making speeches, lifting and throwing weights, wrestling, cradling in the harvest fields, telling stories. He was elected this time, at the head of the poll; and an old friend of the Black Hawk War, Major John T. Stuart, was one of the successful candidates on the ticket with him. Stuart loaned him law books, and Lincoln began to practise, in the small way of the pettifogger, before Squire Bowling Green.

When the legislature convened at Vandalia, he was there, making "a decent appearance" in new clothes, for the purchase of which another New Salem friend had loaned the money. He spent the winter there, reading in the State library, and learning otherwise of laws and the curious making of them. He was assigned, inappropriately, it would seem, to the House Committee on Finance. Many of the men he met were cast for big parts in the drama just then opening in Illinois, among them a dashing youth of twenty-two, lately come from Vermont, with but thirty-seven cents in his pocket, but already admitted to the bar and running for office,—Stephen A. Douglas, whom Lincoln noted as "the least man I ever saw." For twenty-eight years this least man was to be his rival, even in love, though he was not his rival in the love which then was filling Lincoln's susceptible heart. Back in New Salem he had left Anne Rutledge, a pretty maid with auburn hair and blue eyes. But Anne was already betrothed. Her lover, James McNamar, had

gone back East, promising to return. After a while his letters ceased. Then there was rumour, while Anne waited—and Lincoln always at her side, wooing her, even at the quilting bees. She sang for him, and sometimes, one could wish, songs more cheerful than those hymns the chroniclers report. It seems probable that the verses, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" were learned from her, and that they owed their almost morbid fascination for him to an association with this phase and period. Soon Anne sickened, and in August died. New Salem said it was of a broken heart, but toward the end she sent for Lincoln, and he was at the bedside, alone with her.

After her death there settled upon him a terrible despondency. That fall and winter he wandered alone in the woods, along the Sangamon, almost crazed with sorrow. "The very thought of the rains and snows falling upon her grave filled him with indescribable grief." His friends watched him, and at last, when on

the very verge of insanity, Bowling Green took him to his home, nursed him back to health, and the grief faded to that temperamental melancholy which, relieved only by his humour, was part of the poet there was in him, part of the prophet, the sadness that so early baptised him in the tragedy of life, and taught him pity for the suffering of a world of men.

In July he was running for the legislature again. "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens," he said in his address. "Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females). . . . If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me. While acting as their representative I shall be governed by their will on all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is; and upon all others I shall do what my own judgment teaches me will best advance their interests."

The whole theory of representative government was never more clearly understood, never more clearly expressed. Even then he had an occult sense of public opinion, knew what the general mind was thinking. Always fundamentally democratic, he was so close to the heart of humanity that intuitively he measured its mighty pulsations, and believed that the public mind was not far from the right. Years afterward, expressing his belief in the people's judgment as the one authority in affairs, he asked, "Is there any better or equal hope?"

One incident of that bitter campaign must be given. George Forquer, a Whig, about the time he changed his politics and became a Democrat, received appointment as register of the Land Office. His house, the finest residence in Springfield, was distinguished for its lightning rod, the first that Lincoln or Springfield had ever seen. At a meeting held near Forquer's home, Lincoln spoke, and, when he had done, Forquer announced that "he would have to take the young man down." Lincoln

stood by with folded arms, endured the attack, and then, replying spiritedly, concluded by saying: "The gentleman has seen fit to allude to my being a young man; but he forgets that I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction, but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then feel compelled to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

The Whig ticket was elected, Lincoln leading the poll. The Sangamon delegation, seven representatives and two senators, each over six feet tall, were known as the "Long Nine." "All of the bad or objectionable laws passed at that session," says one of them, "and for many years afterwards, were chargeable to the management and influence of the 'Long Nine.'" An extensive system of public improvements was being urged,—canals and rail-

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE
NEAR HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY

roads, to be paid for from the proceeds of the sale of public lands, as Lincoln said, "without borrowing money and paying the interest on it." This wonderful scheme was to develop Illinois immediately, and the people were dazzled by it. Lincoln, infatuated like the rest, was already dreaming of the governorship, confiding to a friend his purpose to become the "DeWitt Clinton of Illinois." At Vandalia he was the leader of the Long Nine, and laboured to advance this project. The Assembly voted to construct the system of railroads and canals, and authorised an immediate loan of $12,000,000. Such a colossal scheme, making or blasting communities, afforded, of course, infinite opportunity for local and special legislation. In such an atmosphere of manœuvre, Lincoln was wholly in his element. None knew human nature better than he, none was more expert in log-rolling, and he and his "Long Nine" rolled their logs so skilfully that they succeeded in removing the capital of Illinois to Springfield.

And yet, while all this showed that he knew perhaps more of the tricks and trades of the politicians than he had admitted in his encounter with Forquer, he was true to principle. When the legislature adopted resolutions "highly disapproving" of "the formation of abolition societies and the doctrines promulgated by them," Lincoln voted against them; and, while nothing more was demanded of him, —certainly half so much could not have been expected of a mere politician,—he drew up a protest against the resolutions, and inducing his colleague, Dan Stone, to sign it with him, had the protest entered upon the journal for March 3, 1837. The protest was cautiously worded, but it did declare that "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy."

When the "Long Nine" went home in March, taking the capital with them, a celebration was arranged, the like of which Springfield had not seen since that day the *Talisman* came up the Sangamon. There was a ban-

quet, and, though Lincoln was as much the pilot in this enterprise as he had been in the other, the fact did not exclude him: rather it gave him place at the head of the board. He was toasted as "one of nature's noblemen," as one who "has fulfilled the expectations of his friends and disappointed the hopes of his enemies," and, of course, he made a speech. It is not strange that after this he should remove to Springfield, for he had finished his law studies, and March 24, 1836, had been "certified as of good moral character" for admission to the bar.

II

THE new capital of Illinois in the spring of 1837 was a town of less than two thousand inhabitants, deep in mud, and yet to Lincoln, entering one morning the store of Joshua Speed with all his belongings in his saddle-bags, it was a metropolis. Speed said the young man had the saddest face he ever saw; though when told that he could share Speed's bed in a room above, and Lincoln had shambled up, dropped his saddle-bags, and shambled down again, Speed smiled at the dry way in which Lincoln remarked,—

"Well, Speed, I'm moved."

But the town was not so small that it could not boast social distinctions. The Todds, Stuarts, and Edwardses were there, and, with the Lambs, Mathers, Opdykes, Forquers, and Fords, were the leaders of the provincial aristocracy. Lincoln observed all this, and soon

was writing to a girl he had been in love with that there "is a good deal of flourishing about in carriages here," though he wrote this, it seems, in warning rather than in entreaty, explaining that, as his wife, she "would be poor, without the means of concealing her poverty." This latest love was Mary Owens, to whom quixotically he felt himself bound, but erelong he wrote: "If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any considerable degree add to your happiness." This cautious letter naturally ended the affair, as it was probably intended to do. Mary Owens never took his attentions too seriously. While she respected him, she considered him "deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness."

Meanwhile he had begun to practise law. His old friend of the Black Hawk War, Major John T. Stuart, who had loaned him law books,

took him into partnership. To Stuart, as to so many lawyers, the law was but a *milieu* for politics; he was contesting the Congressional election with Douglas, and, as Lincoln himself was thinking more of politics than of law, it is not strange that the business suffered. Lincoln spent his time at Speed's store, talking politics and arguing religion. He delivered a highly rhetorical address before "The Young Men's Lyceum" on "The Perpetuation of our Free Institutions," and in the Presbyterian church he engaged in a formal partisan debate with Douglas, Calhoun, Lamborn, and Thomas. In 1838 he was again elected to the legislature, and was minority candidate for Speaker. The panic of 1837 had brought to Illinois the hour of reckoning for the internal improvement bubble, and in that session Lincoln, again on the Finance Committee, trying to repair the mischief he had helped to make, owned that he was "no financier," and admitted his "share of the responsibility in the present crisis." In 1840 he was again elected, and

again defeated for Speaker, and nothing more important befell during that session than his joining other Whigs in an ignominious flight through the window in order to break a quorum. In the campaign he had had many exciting engagements,—one, for instance, with Jesse B. Thomas, a Democrat who in a speech attacked the "Long Nine," Lincoln especially. Lincoln replied, and with that talent which years before had amused Gentryville, mimicked Thomas in voice and manner, while the crowd roared with delight. Carried away, he exposed Thomas to such scathing ridicule that the poor fellow actually wept. The event was destined to live in local annals as "the skinning of Thomas," but it was a triumph of which Lincoln was so ashamed that he hunted up his victim, implored forgiveness, and tried to heal the wounds he had inflicted. Less and less thereafter did he resort to the unworthy weapons he could wield so skilfully, but more and more invoked the power of reason and of his own kindly humour.

He had, too, conflicts with Douglas, as he was destined to have for a quarter of a century, for in that year of the gay campaign for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," Lincoln was on the Whig, and Douglas on the Democratic, electoral ticket. The campaign had hardly ended with the triumph of Harrison than the two entered into another rivalry,—this time for the hand of a woman. Mary Todd, a Kentucky girl, had come to Springfield to visit her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, and in the local aristocracy that "flourished about in carriages" soon was the reigning belle, with Lincoln and Douglas in her train. In the pursuit of a proud, clever girl, who "spoke French or English with equal fluency," the brilliant, dashing Douglas might have been expected to distance the slow, ungainly Lincoln. Some account for her preference for Lincoln on the strained hypothesis that she had determined to marry a future President, which is absurd, because Douglas then seemed more likely than any unknown young man in Springfield to

reach that lofty chair, and it was not many years before he seemed the likeliest man in all America. But Mary Todd made her own choice, and she and Lincoln were engaged to be married on New Year's Day, 1841. But, after the day was set, Lincoln was filled with uncertainty. Springfield intimated a new attachment, another pretty face. The day came, the wedding was not solemnised. Now there came upon him again that black and awful melancholy. He neglected the law, neglected the legislature, and wandered about, as before, in utter gloom, actually, it is said, contemplating suicide. "I am now the most miserable man living," he wrote to Stuart. "If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. . . . To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better, as it appears to me."

To distract him, Joshua Speed, probably the closest friend he ever had, took him away to Kentucky, and there, amid new scenes, he improved, though he bemoaned the fact "that he

had done nothing to make any human being remember that he had lived." Speed himself was engaged to be married, and, curiously enough, had an experience of uncertainty similar to Lincoln's. On his return to Springfield, Lincoln wrote Speed a series of letters, arguing against Speed's feelings, perhaps at the same time arguing against his own, and when Speed was married at last, and happy, he wrote: "It cannot be told how it thrills me with joy to hear you say you are 'far happier than you ever expected to be.' . . . Your last letter gave me more pleasure than the total sum of all I have enjoyed since that fatal first of January, 1841. . . . I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy when she is otherwise. She accompanied a large party on the railroad cars to Jacksonville last Monday, and on her return spoke, so that I heard of it, of having enjoyed the trip exceedingly. God be praised for that!"

About this time occurred another incident that influenced this odd courtship. The Audi-

tor of State, James Shields, a "gallant, hot-headed bachelor from Tyrone County, Ireland," afterwards a general and senator from three States, had had his vanity wounded by the publication in the *Sangamon Journal* of "Letters from Lost Townships." These political lampoons were exactly of a style and humour to please Lincoln, and, when he learned that their author was Mary Todd, he was moved himself to write another in like vein. Shields demanded the name of the author. The timid editor consulted Lincoln, who embraced the opportunity of chivalry by taking on himself the whole responsibility. There followed a challenge from Shields, and, observing every absurdity of the code of honour, a duel was arranged, Lincoln choosing "cavalry broadswords of the largest size." The duelling ground was near Alton, and principals and seconds had repaired there, when "friends effected an arrangement." The affair got into the newspapers, and Lincoln was so ashamed of the escapade that no one ever dared mention it in

his presence. "If all the good things I have ever done," he said, "are remembered as long and well as my scrape with Shields, it is plain I shall not soon be forgotten." But it helped to bring him and Mary Todd together, and on November 4, 1842, they were married. If it was a marriage not ideally happy, it may be conjectured that a happier one would have interfered with that career for which destiny was preparing him.

In April, 1841, Stuart having been sent to Congress, Lincoln accepted the opportunity to end the partnership and formed another with Judge Stephen T. Logan, a little, weazened man, with high, shrill voice and a great plume of yellowed white hair, but picturesque in his old cape, and accounted the best lawyer in Illinois. He loved money, and kept most of the earnings; but this did not trouble Lincoln, who loved men more than money, and regarded wealth as "simply a superfluity of things we don't need." Contact with Logan made him a closer student and an abler practitioner of

the law, but two such strong personalities could not long work side by side, and in 1843 Lincoln formed a partnership with William H. Herndon, a young radical, already consorting with the abolitionists, and afterwards Lincoln's biographer. The partnership endured until Lincoln's death. But the struggle was hard, and Lincoln and his bride were perforce frugal, "not keeping house," as he wrote to Speed, "but boarding at the Globe Tavern, which is very well kept by a widow lady of the name of Beck. Our room and boarding only costs us four dollars a week. . . . I am so poor and make so little headway in the world that I drop back in a month of idleness as much as I gain in a year's sowing." In 1841 he might have had the nomination for governor, but, after his experience of the internal improvement dream, he had foregone his ambition to become the "DeWitt Clinton of Illinois." He had an eye, however, as doubtless his ambitious wife had, on the political field, and already was casting glances toward Congress. He met op-

position, of course. On Washington's Birthday, 1842, during the Washingtonian temperance movement, in an address on "Temperance" he deplored the Pharisaical attitude of some church members toward the drunkard, saying, "If we take the habitual drunkards, as a class, their heads and hearts will bear an advantageous comparison with those of any other class." The whole admirable address is conceived in a tone of the highest humanitarianism, quite distinct from that of the professional reformer of other persons,—a tone which Lincoln, of all men, must have despised. He was full of a wise and gentle tolerance that sprang equally from his knowledge and his love of men. He said about this time, when "accused" of being a "temperance" man, "I am temperate in this, to wit: I don't drink." But so temperate an address was certain to fall short of the demands of the more intemperate of the temperance reformers. He was criticised, and because of this, and because his wife, as an Episcopalian, a Todd and kin to the

Edwardses, was an "aristocrat," and because he had "once talked of fighting a duel," he had to postpone his Congressional ambitions. There were, besides, "political complications." He stood aside for Hardin and for Baker, and it was said that there was an agreement among them—Hardin, Baker, Lincoln, and Logan—that "they should in turn have the coveted honour." In 1844 he was on the Whig electoral ticket, and not only stumped Illinois for Henry Clay, but went over into Indiana and had the satisfaction of speaking at Gentryville, where he was so moved by memories that he expressed his sentiments in verse, which, if not poetical in form, were, as he himself pleaded, poetic in feeling.

At last, in 1846, he was nominated and elected to Congress. His Democratic opponent was old Peter Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist preacher, who did not hesitate to use the Washington Birthday address against Lincoln, or to charge atheism, going back for evidence to the New Salem days and the mono-

graph in the Tom Paine style Lincoln was said to have written.

The charge of atheism was not altogether lacking in foundation, for, while deeply and in a poetic and mystic way profoundly religious, Lincoln never united with any church, and his theological opinions were not orthodox. Then and down to his death he seems to have been unitarian in belief, and said that whenever any church would inscribe over its altar, as the sole qualification for membership, the words of Jesus, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and with all thy might, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself," he would join that church. Surely, as far as man may, in a complicated civilisation which dares not take Christianity too literally, he exemplified this religion.

When, in 1847, Lincoln took his seat in the Thirtieth Congress, he found there the last of the giants of the old days,—Webster, Calhoun, and Clay, and old John Quincy Adams, dying in his seat before the session ended.

Douglas was there, too, to take his new seat in the Senate. Lincoln, soon a favourite for his stories and for the quaint manner of which he was so unconscious, was among those invited to Webster's breakfasts, and became the friend of Joshua R. Giddings. The Whigs were in a majority, as a result of popular disapproval of President Polk's course in a war of which America has always felt half-ashamed, and, while criticising the President, nevertheless made what capital they could out of the brilliant victories the Whig generals, Scott and Taylor, had achieved, and voted them supplies. With this course Lincoln was in sympathy. "By way of getting the hang of the House," he wrote Herndon, "I made a little speech, . . . and was about as badly scared, and no worse, as I am when I speak in court. . . . As you are all so anxious for me to distinguish myself, I have concluded to do so before long." This half-humorous promise he kept by introducing the famous "Spot" Resolutions, so called because after quoting the President's as-

sertions that Mexico had first "invaded *our* territory," and "shed the blood of *our* citizens on *our own* soil," they requested the President in a series of adroit questions to inform the House on what "spot" all this had occurred. The searching interpellation was met by silence in the White House. On January 12, 1848, Lincoln called up the resolutions and spoke in their support. They were not acted upon, but they served to expose Polk's duplicity and to make their author known.

That spring he was writing home to Herndon to organise all the "shrewd, wild boys about town" in "Old Rough and Ready's" cause,—although but thirty-nine, he was already feeling old,—and, after he had helped to nominate Taylor in June, he delivered on the floor of Congress a stump speech that kept the House roaring with its ridicule of the Democratic candidate. "By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk War, I fought, bled, and came away. . . . It is quite certain

I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is, he broke it in desperation. I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon wild onions. If he saw any live Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with mosquitoes; and, although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

He was on the electoral ticket and stumped New England and Illinois for Taylor. The New England speeches were full of moral earnestness, and most significant was the fact that, after hearing Governor Seward speak in Boston, he said: "I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with this slavery question, and got to give much more attention to it hereafter than we have been doing." In December he went back to Washington for the second session, and stood consistently for the

Wilmot Proviso, designed to exclude slavery from territory acquired from Mexico, and while in Congress, as he afterwards said, voted for the principle "about forty-two times." And he introduced, and almost succeeded in passing, an act excluding slavery from the District of Columbia.

But, as he had known all along, his opposition to the Mexican War had been displeasing to his constituents, who would rather be warlike than right. Besides introducing "the Spot Resolutions," he had voted for Ashmun's amendment, which declared that "the war had been unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President." But he would not "skulk": he had "voted for the truth rather than for a lie." It cost him his renomination, and, when Logan was nominated to succeed him, Lincoln's course lost the district even to him. He tried to obtain the appointment as commissioner of the General Lands Office, but failed. Then he was offered the governorship of the new Territory of Oregon, and

thought of accepting, but his wife fortunately said "no," and he went back to Springfield and out on the muddy roads of the old Eighth Circuit, a saddened, disillusioned, and disappointed man.

His figure, garbed in black, became familiar to Springfield, as he strode along, usually with one of his boys tugging at him, between his dwelling in Eighth Street and his dingy law office on the Square. Though clean in dress and person and with the most orderly of minds, he was not orderly in his affairs. He carried most of his legal documents in his high hat; and there is a direction, written in his own hand, on a bundle of papers, "When you can't find *it* anywhere else, look into this." He kept poor accounts, forgot to enter charges in his books, but, when money was paid in, he divided it, put half of it in his pocket, and left the other labelled "Herndon's half." He could not exact retainers or charge large fees, and he needed money in those days. His father had moved three times, and when he died, in 1851,

there was a mortgage on the farm in Coles County to be raised, his mother to help, and a shiftless stepbrother, John Johnston, to expostulate with in letters deeply interesting. Besides, the "national debt" still hung over him, though about this time he succeeded in paying the last of it. But he was working hard, and rapidly developing into one of the best lawyers in Illinois.

What joy there was for him in a life that carries the impression of having been destined for great sacrifice came to him on the old Eighth Judicial Circuit. Here, in an uncommonly active practice, he encountered such men as Leonard Swett, Judge Logan, Edward D. Baker, O. H. Browning, Richard J. Oglesby, and John M. Palmer. Twice a year, spring and fall, the lawyers went out on the circuit in the train of Judge David Davis, massive and able. Lincoln was Davis's favourite. When he arrived at a tavern, Davis would look about and ask, "Where's Lincoln?" and his great form shook with delight over Lincoln's droller-

ies. The stories now and then disturbed the dignity of the court, for, if Lincoln were not engaged in the case on trial, he would have a knot of men about him in the court-room. More than once Davis was forced to say: "Mr. Lincoln, I can't stand this. There is no use trying to carry on two courts: I must adjourn mine, or you yours." But a few minutes later he would beckon one of the group to the bench, and ask, "What was that story Lincoln was telling?"

The impression, however, that Lincoln was a mere story-teller, a *raconteur,* a lawyer who practised by his wits, is inaccurate. He was fundamentally serious and a man of dignity: he was not given to uncouth familiarities. Men referred to him affectionately as "Honest Abe" or "Old Abe," but they addressed him always as "Mr. Lincoln." His humour, never peccant, was close to his brooding melancholy, and saved every situation in a life he knew so profoundly as to feel its tragedy and its tears. It was not for his stories that men

loved him: it was for his kindliness, his simplicity, his utter lack of self-consciousness. Of course there was the mysterious influence of his personality, and the fascination of a nature that seemed complex only because, in the midst of many complexities, it was, after all, so simple. All his life long he strove to make things clear, and to men, to juries, to statesmen, diplomats, and whole peoples he was ever explaining, and he told his stories to help this purpose. Thus he drew interested groups about him, on the public square, in the court-room, in the tavern.

These taverns were dreadful places by all accounts, with cooking bad enough to make any man melancholy, but Lincoln was the last to complain of the inconveniences. He liked the life, with its roving, careless freedom and its comradeship. They all sat at table together,—lawyers, jurymen, litigants, witnesses, even prisoners, if they had friends who could get them out on bail; and Lincoln liked the foot of the table as well as the head, where the

huge Davis presided. He would sleep two in a bed or eight in a room, and in the evenings he would sit with them all in a Bohemian sociability, though now and then, when his melancholy was on him, he would slip away, perhaps to pore over problems in Euclid in order to learn the meaning of "demonstrate," or to study German, or to attend some little magic lantern show given for the children,—pathetic evidence of his restricted opportunities, for it was his destiny to be fond of the theatre.

But he was not always mild, he was not always funny. He could be terrible when aroused, and nothing so aroused him as untruth or injustice. He was dreadful in cross-examination, as many of the stories show, and he had a subtle, almost occult power over witnesses and over juries. "If I can clean this case of technicalities," he once remarked to Herndon, "and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it." And, surely, no one could swing cases to juries better than he. He had, in the first place, an extraordinarily sympa-

thetic and profound knowledge of human nature. Part of this was intuitive, some inexplicable element of the almost feminine gentleness that was in him. Part of it came from his wide experience with almost primitive men. Then there was the commanding dignity of his presence: men might describe him as homely, but when stirred, when in the heat and passion of forensic effort, his features lighted up with a strange beauty. And there was his drudging, laborious determination to make things clear; and, above all, there was his honesty of statement, of motive, of method, so that courts and juries believed what he said, and this, with that baffling power of the great personality, made him the ideal jury lawyer. He knew that a cause well stated is half won, and he had mastered the art of putting a question so that it answered itself. He was no quibbler, he was impatient of technicalities, and he was ready to make concessions all the time, quietly sitting there in the barren court-room, admitting this or that, "reckoning he must be wrong," that

"that ought to be conceded," or that "that's about right," until, as Leonard Swett said, "about the time he had practised through three-quarters of the case in this way, his adversary would wake up to find himself beaten."

He was a poor lawyer when he was on the wrong side of a case, and many times refused, and sometimes abandoned, causes in which he could not believe. Once, indeed, discovering in the very midst of a trial that his client had acted fraudulently, he stalked out of the court-room in disgust, and, when sent for by the judge, returned the answer that he "had gone out to wash his hands." He never was a good prosecutor: he had too much human sympathy; and he was no better business man then than in New Salem days. His charges were so small that Herndon and the other lawyers, and even Davis, who was avaricious, expostulated with him. His income was little more than two or three thousand a year. His name appears in the Illinois Reports in one hundred and seventy-three cases,—a record entitling

him to first rank among the lawyers of his State. He was engaged in causes of the first importance, like that of the Illinois Central Railroad Company *v.* The County of McLean, in which for the railroad he successfully resisted an attempt to tax land ceded to the railroad by the State,—and had to sue to recover his modest fee of $5,000,—the Rock Island bridge case, and the McCormick reaper patent litigation. In this case he was of counsel with Edwin M. Stanton, who, in the federal court at Cincinnati, treated him contemptuously, referring to him as "that giraffe," and prevented him from delivering the argument he had so solicitously prepared. To a man of Lincoln's sensitiveness such an experience was intensely painful, and it shows how great he was that, despite the protestations of friends who recalled it all to him, and more besides, he appointed Stanton his War Secretary. In this case he was paid $2,000, and this and the fee in the Illinois Central case were the largest he ever received.

Two of his great murder cases must always be recalled when his legal career is mentioned. In May, 1858, he defended William, or "Duff," the son of his old foe and friend, Jack Armstrong. This youth, wild as the wildest of the Clary's Grove Boys had ever been, was charged with murder, and on the trial at Beardstown a witness told how, by moonlight, he had seen the blow struck. It was a pretty desperate case for William, and for Hannah, his mother, who had "foxed" the buckskins on Lincoln's trousers; but Lincoln, remembering old benefits, reassured her, and, subjecting the prosecuting witness to one of his dreadful cross-examinations, confronted him with the almanac of the year of the murder, and by it showed that, at the hour at which the witness claimed to have seen Armstrong strike the blow, the moon, only in its first quarter, had already set. The boy was acquitted, and Lincoln would have no fee but old Hannah's tears and gratitude. The next year he appeared on behalf of "Peachy" Harrison, charged with the mur-

der of Greek Crafton, and it must have been a dramatic moment when the aged Peter Cartwright took the witness-stand and turned to face Lincoln, against whom he had waged a campaign for Congress so long before. Cartwright was Harrison's grandfather, and the white head of the old pioneer Methodist preacher drooped to his breast as Lincoln had him tell how, as he lay dying, Greek Crafton had said, "I want you to say to my slayer that I forgive him." After such a scene and with such a dying declaration to build upon, Lincoln was sure to make a speech that would touch the hearts of the jury with the forgiveness and the pity he himself felt for all souls in trouble; and Harrison was acquitted. This was the last scene of that experience at the bar which made him the great lawyer he was, prepared him for the mighty legal argument with Douglas, and fitted him to try and to win the great cause of humanity before the people and the world.

III

Lincoln was losing interest in politics, when, in May, 1854, the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise aroused him. He was out on the circuit when the news of the Kansas-Nebraska bill came. All evening at the tavern he denounced it, and at dawn, when his roommate, Judge Dickey, awoke, there he was, sitting on his bed. "I tell you, Dickey," Lincoln exclaimed, "this nation cannot exist half-slave and half-free!" From that hour he was more serious, more solitary, more studious than ever before.

Douglas, whose new leadership had done this, came home in the fall to face an angry constituency. In Chicago he was hissed and hooted, but he set to work to win back his Illinois. He spoke in Springfield, and Lincoln replied a few days later in a speech that aston-

ished even those who knew him best and loved him most. The abolitionists were so delighted that Owen Lovejoy, whose father had met death in the cause at Alton, immediately arranged a meeting of the "friends of liberty," intending to invite Lincoln to speak. Herndon was in their counsels, and, though radical as any of them, was more of a politician. He knew the danger to Lincoln of openly consorting just then with the abolitionists, and hurriedly sent his law partner word to "take Bob and drive somewhere into the country, and stay till this thing is over." Lincoln, already dreaming of the Senate, and wary, discreet, politic, took Bob in his buggy, and drove to Tazewell County, where Davis was holding court. Thus he escaped the dilemma. The next day Douglas spoke again, and Lincoln replied at Peoria. "Judge Douglas," he said, "frequently, with bitter irony and sarcasm, paraphrases our argument by saying, 'The white people of Nebraska are good enough to govern themselves, but they are not good

enough to govern a few miserable negroes.' Well, I doubt not that the good people of Nebraska are, and will continue to be, as good as the average of people elsewhere. I do not say to the contrary. What I do say is, that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent."

These speeches were really the first of the great debate. They showed anti-Nebraska men and abolitionists that they had a champion on fire with the passion of a great cause, and the Little Giant so recognised their power that he proposed a truce, which Lincoln good-naturedly accepted. It was agreed that neither should speak again during the campaign, and it was like Douglas, on his way home, to stop in Princeton and deliver a long address.

That fall, 1854, against his will, Lincoln was nominated and elected to the legislature, but, when he saw that many Democrats were in revolt, he resigned. "I have really got it into my head to try to be a United States senator,"

he wrote to a friend; "and if I could have your support my chances would be reasonably good. I should like to be remembered affectionately by you, and also to have you make a mark for me with the anti-Nebraska members down your way." He had forty-five votes on the first ballot, February 8, 1855, Shields, the Democrat, his old duelling antagonist, forty-one, Trumbull, anti-Nebraska Democrat, five, with a few scattering. But the anti-Nebraska Democrats, holding the balance of power, would not go to Lincoln, and he generously urged his following to vote for Trumbull, which they did, and Trumbull was elected.

Though disappointed, Lincoln knew that the struggle was only begun. The nation was aroused. Within a year the Republican party had suddenly sprung into being, there was bloodshed in Kansas, Sumner had been assaulted in the Senate, and Lincoln watched the growing flame with interest and concern. When the first Republican State Convention met in Bloomington on May 29, 1856, there

were cries all over the hall for "Lincoln! Lincoln!" He went forward, and launched into a speech that so charmed and electrified his audience that even the reporters sat spell-bound, forgetting to take it down. The burden of his utterance was, "Kansas shall be free!" and he concluded in a passage of highest spirit: "We will say to the Southern disunionists, we *won't* go out of the Union, and you SHAN'T!"

He was done, at last, with the Whigs, and committed to the Republicans. But when he went back to Springfield, and he and Herndon had called a "mass" meeting, only one other besides himself and Herndon was present. Lincoln spoke, nevertheless, dryly remarking that the meeting was larger than he knew it would be, for, while he had been sure that he and Herndon would attend, he had not been sure any one else would. And then he concluded: "While all seems dead, the age itself is not. It liveth as surely as our Maker liveth. Under all this seeming want of life and motion, the

world does move, nevertheless. Be hopeful, and now let us adjourn and appeal to the people."

Three weeks afterwards, in the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, he received 110 votes for Vice-President, and, though he observed that "it must have been the great Lincoln of Massachusetts" they were voting for, he was already known to the nation, and entered into the campaign as an elector for Frémont with such earnestness that, even though they lost in that campaign, his enthusiastic friends at home said he was "already on the track for the presidency."

With the contest of 1858 approaching, he was confident of success. The pro-slavery leaders of Kansas, by an unfair vote, forced the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution allowing slavery in that State, but, when President Buchanan urged Congress to admit Kansas with this constitution, Douglas broke with the administration, opposed the Lecompton Constitution, and voted against the admission

of Kansas. If this angered Buchanan and the South, it delighted the Republicans. Many of them thought they saw a chance to gain a brilliant and notable convert; and Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune,* honest, well-meaning, blundering, urged the Republicans of Illinois to put up no candidate against Douglas.

But Lincoln knew men and he knew politics better than Greeley, and, above all, he knew Douglas. The Illinois Republicans knew Douglas, too, and when they met at Springfield, June 16, 1858, they resolved that "Hon. Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States Senator." Lincoln had been expecting the nomination, and he was ready. For weeks he had been pondering his speech of acceptance, jotting it down bit by bit, as it came to him in moments of inspiration, on scraps of paper, and, after his curious custom, bestowing them in his hat. At last he wrote it out and read it to a few friends, all of whom, except the radical Herndon, opposed his de-

livering it in that form. But he was wiser than they, and remarking that, though he might have "to go down with it," he would "rather be defeated with that . . . speech than to be victorious without it," held to his own purpose and his own counsel. He delivered the speech in the Hall of the House of Representatives in Springfield the day after his nomination, and he stated the issue clearly, to the consternation of friends and the delight of enemies, in his exordium:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:—If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident purpose of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'

I believe this government cannot endure, permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

The speech, which really went no further than to advocate a return to the principle of the old Missouri Compromise, was regarded as radical, even revolutionary. Douglas replied to it on July 9 at Chicago, and found it full of difficulties, so compact was it of accurate history and logical argument, but he could pervert some of Lincoln's sayings into "abolitionism," and he could express indignation at Lincoln's disrespect for courts and lack of "rev-

erence for the law," implied in his strictures on the Dred Scott decision.

These speeches, in the picturesque phrase of Illinois politicians, "set the prairies on fire." After Lincoln had rejoined at Chicago and, a week later, Douglas had spoken at Bloomington and at Springfield, Lincoln replying on the evening of each day, it was evident that there was to be a battle of the giants. On July 24 Lincoln sent Douglas a challenge to meet him in a series of joint debates. If Lincoln knew Douglas, Douglas knew Lincoln. "I shall have my hands full," he said to his friends. "He is the strong man of his party, —full of wit, facts, dates,—and the best stump speaker, with his droll ways and dry jokes, in the West. He is as honest as he is shrewd, and, if I beat him, my victory will be hardly won." He was loath to accept. He had expected to come home to an easy, triumphant campaign, in the warmth of approval for his really gallant stand against Buchanan: he did not wish, as he saw Lincoln had adroitly forced

him to do, to discuss his own record,—the Dred Scott decision, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the moral issue of slavery; and it was only human in him to be disappointed when he found himself confronted by such a task as Lincoln set for him. But the advantage was with him: he had the prestige of great success; the power of money, which always supports the conservative and aristocratic side, was with him; and he had proved himself the equal in debate of Seward, Chase, and Sumner. Then, too, he was rather unscrupulous in the use of his wonderful arts. No one realised more than Lincoln the apparent disparity. "With me," he said, with that sad expression in his face, "the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure. With him it has been one of splendid success." Besides, he was slow in his mental processes: he used to talk to Herndon of "the long, laboured movements" of his mind. But Douglas accepted, and seven debates were set,—at Ottawa, August 21; Freeport, August 27; Jonesboro', September 15; Charleston, Sep-

tember 18; Galesburg, October 7; Quincy, October 13; and Alton, October 15.

In lofty spirit, Lincoln entered these debates, and the high course he took he held unto the end. Seeming to realise that he was the champion of the American ideal, he would stoop no lower, and the tone he adopted was kind, impersonal, and fair. It was a new thing in those days to eliminate bitter personalities from political discussion, but he did it, though he did not eliminate his humour and his drolleries. "Think nothing of me," he said, concluding an eloquent speech at Beardstown on August 12, the week before the formal debate began, "take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. . . . While pretending no indifference to earthly honours, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every

petty and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of American Independence."

Douglas began the debate with condescension and affected tolerance. He travelled in state, accompanied by his beautiful wife, on special trains which the Illinois Central Railroad provided. Everywhere he was received with ceremony. Salutes were fired, he was escorted royally to hotel and public square, where, in open air, the debates were held. The radicals then, as ever, had little money to expend, and could not contrive such magnificent receptions for their long, lank champion; and, if they could, he would not have liked them. Even when they did appear with banners and devices, and with floats in which girls in white rode in allegorical figures, he was embarrassed and distressed. He detested "fizzlegigs and fireworks," and, when at Ottawa his supporters grew so enthusiastic that they bore him from

the platform on their shoulders, he cried in dismay, "Don't, boys; let me down; come now, don't."

The crowds were enormous. There were fakirs vending ague cures, painkillers, watermelons and lemonade; jugglers and beggars; and bands from everywhere crashing out patriotic tunes. Hotels, boarding-houses, and livery stables were overflowing. At Ottawa thousands encamped along the bluff and on the bottom lands, and that night "the camp fires, spread up and down the valley for a mile, made it look as if an army were gathered about us." At Charleston a great delegation of men, women, and children in carriages, buggies, wagons, on foot and horseback, came from Indiana in a long caravan that wound over the prairie for miles, sending up a great cloud of dust.

At Freeport Douglas misrepresented the incident at Ottawa, and taunted Lincoln with the charge that he was "so frightened by the questions put to him that he could not walk."

But Lincoln bore this with his inexhaustible good humour, though it must have been maddening to have the adroit Douglas twist and turn his every utterance and lead him off constantly into irrelevancies and side issues. But these methods soon reacted. Almost in the beginning Douglas, in his efforts to fasten upon Lincoln the odium of abolitionism, charged him with having been a subscriber in 1856 to an abolition platform. The paper he read was soon proved to be a forgery. "The Little Dodger was cornered and caught," as the newspapers said; and even Greeley came out against him, and wrote Herndon that Douglas was "like the man's boy who, he said, didn't weigh so much as he expected, and he always knew he wouldn't." All this served Lincoln's purpose well, and thereafter, whenever he had to quote a document, he paused long enough to explain with elaborate sarcasm that, "unless there was some mistake on the part of those with whom the document originated and which he had been unable to detect," it was authentic.

He was able with more deadly effect to counter on those questions which Douglas charged had so frightened Lincoln that he had to be borne from the platform. For in the second debate at Freeport he put four questions to Douglas, and in the third at Jonesboro' three others, on which, as events proved, the whole debate, and indeed, one might almost say, the fate of the nation itself, turned. Here was the lawyer again, the wily cross-examiner, the profound jurist, the clear-eyed statesman, who could look further into the future than any of them; for, as with the "house divided" speech, his friends urged him not to put the questions, especially the second, saying it would cost him the senatorship. But Lincoln was willing to risk that. "I am after larger game," he said: "the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

The second question was this: "Can the people of a United States territory in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits

prior to the formation of a state constitution?" Lincoln believed that if Douglas, in applying his doctrine of popular sovereignty, should answer "no," he would lose Illinois and the senatorship; if he answered "yes," he would alienate the South and lose the Presidency. And he was right. Douglas, in a remarkably adroit reply, answered "yes." His delighted followers celebrated the manner in which he had escaped "Lincoln's trap," and claimed the victory already won. But, when the news reached the South, protests were heard, and, as there the "Freeport doctrine" became known, so inevitably Douglas's chances for 1860 waned. At Alton, in the last of the great engagements, when Douglas proclaimed himself the living representative of Henry Clay and of the true Whig policy, Lincoln replied that there was but one issue between them,—"Is slavery right or wrong?" And he closed in the same high spirit in which he had begun:—

"It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the

world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. . . . Whenever the issue can be distinctly made and all extraneous matter thrown out, so that men can fairly see the real differences between the parties, this controversy will soon be settled, and it will be done peaceably, too."

The fatigue of any campaign is great, even in these days of luxury and convenience in travel: in those it would seem to have been beyond human endurance. The protagonists spoke nearly every day in the intervals between debates, and Lincoln, to whom the conservatives with their means were no more kind in that day than they would be in this, had to find rest when he could, often on the miserable railway coaches of those days, wrapped in his shawl. There were, besides, in this furious campaign many others speaking,—Chase, the red abolitionist of Ohio, Senator Trumbull,

Owen Lovejoy, Oglesby, and Palmer. The election was on November 2, and in the popular vote Lincoln had a plurality, the Republicans polling 126,084, the Douglas-Democrats 121,940, and the Buchanan Democrats 5,091 votes. But, owing to the legislative apportionment, the Democrats carried a majority of the Assembly districts, and there in January Douglas was re-elected senator, having 54 to Lincoln's 46 votes.

Of course, Lincoln was disappointed, but still he could joke. He felt "like the boy that stumped his toe—it hurt too bad to laugh, and he was too big to cry." But he was glad he made the race. "It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age which I would have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone." But he was not to sink out of view. He received congratulations from all parts of the nation, and invitations to speak.

Most of the invitations he declined. His law practice had been neglected; the canvass had cost more money than he could afford; he was "absolutely without money even for household expenses." To recoup his losses, he prepared a lecture on "Discoveries, Inventions, and Improvements"; but soon realising that he was not a success outside the political field, and seeming to require a moral question to bring out his powers, he abandoned the lecture field almost immediately. But, when Douglas appeared in the gubernatorial campaign in Ohio in 1859, he could not resist the temptation to reply to his old antagonist, and he spoke in Columbus and in Cincinnati before tremendous audiences. In December he spoke in Kansas, and then accepted an invitation to deliver an address, February 27, 1860, at Cooper Institute in New York.

It was a notable speech, delivered before a distinguished audience, presided over by William Cullen Bryant. Lincoln was at first uncomfortable and embarrassed: he "imagined

that the audience noticed the contrast between his Western clothes and the neat-fitting suit of Mr. Bryant and others who sat on the platform." But Horace Greeley said next day in the *Tribune,* "No man ever made such an impression in his first appeal to a New York audience."

From New York he went to New England. His speeches there were not so formal as the Cooper Institute address, but they made as deep an impression, and he went home with a national reputation. Men were inquiring about him. The strange story of his life appealed to the imagination of the North, and his Illinois friends urged him to let them set about the work so congenial to them. "What's the use of talking about me whilst we have such men as Seward, Chase, and others?" he said to Jesse Fell, who sought data for a biography. Fell pleaded. At last Lincoln rose, wrapped his old grey shawl about him: "Fell, I admit that I am ambitious and would like to be President. I am not insensible to the com-

pliment you pay me and the interest you manifest in the matter, but there is no such good luck in store for me as the Presidency of these United States. Besides, there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else." But Davis, Swett, Logan, Palmer—the lawyers who had known him on the circuit, and loved him—urged the more because of their love. At last he consented, and was quietly occupied during the spring with that wire-pulling at which he was so adept. He went, as a spectator, to the State Convention at Decatur on May 9, and when a banner was borne in, inscribed "Abraham Lincoln, the Rail Candidate for President in 1860," supported by two well-weathered fence rails decorated with ribbons, "from a lot of 3,000 made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks in the Sangamon Bottom, in the year 1830," the convention went wild. Lincoln, of course, made a speech, and the State delegation was instructed to "use all honourable means" to secure his nomination.

The National Convention met in Chicago a week later, and Davis, Swett, Judd, Palmer, Logan, and Oglesby were there. The town was filled with a turbulent crowd. Processions trailed in the streets all night, shouting for the several candidates. But night and day, without rest, without sleep, Lincoln's friends worked,—"like nailers," as Oglesby said. Surely, they left nothing undone, even to disregarding Lincoln's own expressed wishes, and entering into a bargain with Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, which was to plague Lincoln later. Cameron was Pennsylvania's candidate, as Chase was Ohio's, and Seward New York's. Indeed, Seward, who in his "higher law" and "irrepressible conflict" utterances had taken ground as advanced as Lincoln, was by all considered as sure of the nomination. But so well did the friends of Lincoln work that on May 16, on the third ballot, he received 231½ votes, Seward 180, with 53½ scattering, and he was nominated. At the announcement of the result a frenzied partisan shouted: "Hal-

lelujah! Abe Lincoln's nominated!" and a cannon boomed from the top of the huge wigwam in which the convention assembled, but the convention could not hear it for the amazing demonstration the delegates made,—a demonstration that spread outside, literally all over Illinois.

Meanwhile, down in Springfield, with rising and falling hopes, now confident, now plunged in his constitutional melancholy, Lincoln was waiting. When the news came, he was found playing handball. Looking at the telegram a moment, he said, "There is a little woman down on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear this news," and strode away to tell her.

And down in Washington Douglas was saying, "There won't be a tar barrel left in Illinois to-night."

The notification, so great a ceremony in these days, was prompt and simple. A day later, in the evening, the committee was received by Lincoln in the parlour of his home. The committee had its own misgivings, which the tall,

gaunt figure, with its drooping shoulders, standing awkwardly and with downcast eyes on the hearthstone, did not do much to reassure, until he began to speak. Then the bronze face caught a new light from the grey eyes, through which the great soul looked out upon the committee, and an hour later the distinguished gentlemen departed, all delighted.

The Democrats, splitting at Charleston, had adjourned to Baltimore and nominated Douglas and Johnson. The bolters nominated Breckenridge and Lane. There was a fourth ticket, Bell and Everett, representing the "Constitutional Union" party. Douglas made a vigorous canvass, but that second question Lincoln had put to him in the Freeport debate would not down. The radical Southerners would none of him, but supported Breckenridge.

During the campaign Lincoln remained quietly in Springfield. The governor's rooms in the State House were placed at his disposal, and here he met his callers, talked and joked

and whispered with them, was skilful, wary, and discreet in all he said and in the very little he wrote, and, when embarrassing questions were asked, he told a story or had the private secretary he had newly installed make a stereotyped reply, referring to his record and his speeches. The abolitionists, of course, were no more satisfied with him than the radicals of any cause ever are with their representatives when the cause arrives, though Chase supported him, and Seward, with a sincerity that pleased him. Perhaps nothing more distressed him than the attitude of the Springfield preachers. Of the twenty-three in the town, twenty were against him. "These men well know," he said, "that I am for freedom, and yet with this book," indicating the New Testament, "in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I do not understand it at all." In November he received a total popular vote of 1,866,452, and 180 electoral votes, all of the eighteen Northern States except New Jersey,

which gave part of her vote to Douglas. The Little Giant polled 1,375,157 votes, but in the electoral college had but 12 votes, three in New Jersey and nine in Missouri. Breckenridge had 72 electoral votes, carrying all the Southern States except Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, which gave their 39 electoral votes to Bell.

Four days after the election the South began to execute its threat of secession. The South Carolina senators resigned, by Christmas the palmetto flag floated over every federal building in that State, and early in January the South Carolinians had fired on the *Star of the West* as she entered Charleston harbour with supplies for Fort Sumter. Meanwhile Lincoln had to wait in Springfield while the great conspiracy matured, while the impotent Buchanan let the very government slip from his weak hands, while Greeley aided the disintegration of the nation by his silly editorials, while men were for peace at any price, even Seward anxious for compromise, and the business interests of the East, timid as ever, for

anything that would save their sacred stock market. By February, seven of the Southern States—South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas—had declared themselves out of the Union and formed the Confederate States of America, with Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President.

Well might Lincoln appear "more distracted and absent-minded" and "sorrowful unto death," with a "preternatural expression of exquisite grief" in his eyes; well might he say, "I shall never be glad any more." But, if sad, he was calm during this trying interregnum, and did not take seriously the coarse editorials in Southern newspapers, referring to him as "Lincoln, the beast," the "Illinois ape," etc. He was at work on his inaugural address, and at the same time troubled with his cabinet appointments. The trade Judge Davis had made at Chicago with Cameron, the political boss of Pennsylvania, already plagued him.

But the time passed at last; and, after a pilgrimage to the grave of his father in Coles County and a visit to his stepmother, early on Monday morning, February 11, he left Springfield for Washington. His old friends and neighbours went down to the railway station to see him off, and stood patiently, bareheaded in the rain, while, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, he made his touching little farewell speech from the platform of the coach:—

"My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting to Him who can go

with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

On the way he stopped at Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, and New York, and everywhere to the waiting crowds made short, informal addresses, warily avoiding any announcement of policy. At Philadelphia on Washington's Birthday, in celebration of the admission of Kansas as a free State, he raised a new flag of thirty-four stars over Independence Hall. He was deeply moved, and spoke fervently of "that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gives liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world for all future times; . . . which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance." And then "If this country cannot be saved without giving up

that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

This reference to assassination was significant. Detectives claimed to have discovered a plot to kill him as he passed through Baltimore. He insisted on fulfilling his engagement to address the legislature at Harrisburg, then consented to go on that night, *incognito*. The next morning the country heard that he was safe in the capital. Even then and the nine succeeding days, men were betting in hotel corridors that he would never be inaugurated. Those were trying days. The office-seekers, willing to take the chance of assassination, had already begun their descent upon him.

Inauguration Day, March 4, 1861, dawned in brilliant sunshine. At noon President Buchanan, "far advanced in years, in low-crowned, broad-brimmed silk hat, an immense white cravat, with swallow-tail coat not of the newest style," waited on Lincoln to escort him to the Capitol and place upon the strong shoul-

ders of the great Westerner the burden which had been too heavy for the infirm old diplomat. They drove together down Pennsylvania Avenue. The ceremonies were held in the eastern portico of the new Capitol, and on the temporary platform distinguished officialdom had gathered. The crowd, small because of the rumour of tragedy,—old Winfield Scott had posted troops, and was ready, "if any of them show their heads or raise a finger," to "blow them to hell,"—awaited in unsympathetic silence. Lincoln, attired in new clothes, his sober face changed by the beard that had not yet grown sufficiently to justify the predictions of the little girl who had naïvely advised it, was plainly embarrassed, and stood for an awkward moment holding in one hand his high hat and in the other a large gold-headed ebony stick. But Douglas, his old rival, was there, and, stepping promptly forward, relieved him of hat and cane and held them for him,—a graceful incident, the significance of which was not lost. The ceremonies were brief. Edward D.

Baker, dearest of old Springfield friends, now senator from Oregon, formally presented him, and, after he had read his inaugural address, the aged Chief Justice Taney, who had written the Dred Scott decision, in his black robes administered the oath to the new President, who was forever to overthrow the doctrine on which that decision was based.

He read his address, so long and eagerly awaited, read it distinctly, so that all could hear, —hear him say that misunderstandings had caused differences, disavow any intention to interfere with the existing privilege of slavery, and even declare himself in favour of a new fugitive slave law. But he was firm. "The Union of these States is perpetual," he said, and "no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union." "I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States," and he was determined "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Gov-

ernment and to collect the duties and imposts." And he closed with the beautiful passage, founded upon Seward's suggestion: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

IV

When Lincoln drove from his inaugural to the White House, it was, indeed, to face a task greater than that which rested upon Washington, as great surely as ever rested on any man. He realised his task fully, but his way, he said, was "plain as a turnpike road." He was, first of all, tormented by the office-seekers, so terrible an affliction to every executive in these States, and in bitterness he said, "This human struggle and scramble for office will finally test the strength of our institutions." But the difficulties of cabinet making at least were done, and the next day he sent to the Senate these names: William H. Seward, Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy; Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Edward

Bates, Attorney-General; and Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General.

That same day, the very first thing, the whole issue was presented to him in a letter from Major Anderson, with his little band, hungry in Fort Sumter. He wanted provisions. The place could be held only by 20,000 disciplined troops. The army numbered but 16,000 men. What was he to do? General Scott said "evacuation." Lincoln replied, "When Anderson goes out of Fort Sumter, I shall have to go out of the White House." While he pondered, the country clamoured, Congress demanded the Anderson correspondence, which he refused, his military advisers differed, his cabinet differed. The days went by. Meanwhile Seward, cheerfully joining in the assumption that he, and not Lincoln, was the man of the hour, had taken it upon himself to assure the Confederate Commissioners, then in Washington, that Sumter would be evacuated. When he learned that Lincoln had decided otherwise, he

laid before him, on April 1, "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration," in which, after complaining of the "lack of policy," he proposed to make war on Spain and France, to "seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia," and suggested that the direction of this policy be devolved by the President "on some member of his cabinet," concluding with modest significance, "It is not in my especial province; but I neither seek to evade or assume responsibility." This astounding proposal Lincoln received in his kind, magnanimous spirit. "As to the policy, I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. . . . When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the cabinet." Thus Seward learned, as the nation was to learn, who was master, and how great and wise and capable he was, and two months later

Seward acknowledged the superiority. "Executive force and vigour are rare qualities," he wrote; "the President is the best of us."

A few days later the relief for Fort Sumter sailed from New York harbour. The President had scrupulously notified the Governor of South Carolina that the relief would be attempted, but by a blunder of the President's own the warship *Powhatan* was sent to Fort Pickens instead. When the news that the expedition had sailed reached Charleston, Beauregard demanded surrender, and then gave the order to reduce the fort. On April 12 the bombardment began, as Anderson and his men were eating the very last of their rations. They fought gallantly, but on the morning of the 13th their guns were silenced. All the time the three transports of the relief expedition had been lying outside the bar, awaiting the *Powhatan*. With her assistance the fort could have been relieved, for the night was very dark. It was a grievous blunder, for which Lincoln assumed the whole responsibil-

ity. It is a question for debate what history would have been, had this blunder not occurred,—one of those perhaps useless questions which never can be answered. Lincoln has been criticised for having delayed so long, but miltary advisers had told him that evacuation was inevitable, his cabinet was against the attempt, public opinion was compromising and opposed to any overt act. But, whatever the result otherwise might have been, the effect was instantaneous. The whole North arose, a unity at last in its mighty wrath. Douglas promptly assured the President of his support, and telegraphed his followers that he had given his pledge to "sustain the President in the exercise of all his constitutional functions to preserve the Union and maintain the government, and defend the Federal Capital." No more talk of compromise or concession, nor more discussion of the right or wrong of slavery. Lincoln, for that issue, had substituted the issue of Union, and he had forced the Confederacy into the position of aggressor. On the 15th

came his proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers and convening Congress in extra session for July 4. The response was electrical. Hundreds of thousands of men all over the North offered themselves in the Union cause, glad that the long anxiety was over. This temper was not softened when, on April 19, the Sixth Massachusetts was assaulted in the streets of Baltimore. Twelve rioters and four soldiers were killed, and many wounded. It was a trying time. All about the little District of Columbia lay Maryland, full of secession sentiment, protesting against the passage of any more troops through Baltimore. There was great danger of the capture of Washington, and with the capital in its hands the Confederacy would be certain of European recognition. At the White House they could get no news. The wires to the North had been cut, and Lincoln, awaiting the Seventh New York, groaned: "Why don't they come! Why don't they come!"

In this crisis, if, as always, conciliatory, he

was firm. If troops could not march through Baltimore, they could march around it; and, when there were protests against the troops crossing the "sacred" soil of Maryland, he replied that his soldiers could neither fly over the State nor burrow under it, and that Maryland must learn that "there was no piece of American soil too good to be pressed by the foot of a loyal soldier as he marched to the defence of the capital of his country." Gradually, sentiment in Maryland changed, especially when business in Baltimore was affected; and, when soldiers enough arrived in Washington to insure the defence of the capital, union sentiment in Maryland was stimulated and grew until the end of the war, keeping her in the Union.

And now, while visiting the camps about Washington, consulting with officers, hobnobbing with private soldiers in his simple Western way, joking, listening to queries and complaints, gaining that personal love which they bore him through the whole war, Lincoln was constantly brooding over his mighty problem.

His task just then was to prevent further defections from the Union, to prevent European recognition of the Confederacy, and to create an army and navy that could reassert the national power throughout the States in rebellion. Slowly, cautiously, patiently, with many blunders and mistakes, in the midst of misunderstanding, noisy criticism, and malignant abuse, he made his way. It was a triumph of diplomacy that he prevented Kentucky from following Virginia in secession; and, while he was not so successful with other States,—for, by June, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee had joined the Confederacy,—he did save not only Kentucky, but Missouri. The secession of Virginia was a disastrous blow. The capital of the Confederacy was removed to Richmond, and the Old Dominion gave its great son, Robert E. Lee, to command the Southern army, and for four years the stars and bars were to fly in defiance, almost in the President's face, from the hills across the Potomac.

With growing mastery President Lincoln watched over men and events, tempered with his kindliness and caution Seward's diplomacy, studied the science of war while the army and navy were being organised; and driven in April to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus,* thereby, on the one hand, bringing down on his head the criticism that he was a dictator and usurper, and, on the other, that he was not tyrannical enough, he was ready, when Congress convened on the Fourth of July, to give to it and to the people his reasons for the course he was following. The army was anxious to move, the North was clamouring, and Lincoln decided to seize Arlington Heights across the Potomac. On May 23 the movement began, the Heights were occupied, the enemy fled, the flag was lowered, but it cost the life of young Ellsworth, a dashing commander of Zouaves whom Lincoln had known and loved back at Springfield. Then for weeks the army lay inactive, while the North, led by Greeley, cried, "On to Richmond!"

The enemy had intrenched at Manassas Junction, and General Scott opposed an advance, saying that the army was not ready; but Lincoln, nevertheless, ordered the movement. There were delays, but at last, on July 21, McDowell was ready to attack Beauregard. It was a hot Sunday of brilliant sunshine, and by afternoon reports were so encouraging that Lincoln went for a drive; but that night with his cabinet and General Scott in the telegraph office, where he was to spend so many anxious hours during the rest of his life, there came the report from McDowell, "Our army is retreating," and soon he knew of the first great disaster of Bull Run. At dawn, in a drizzling rain, demoralised troops began to pour into Washington over Long Bridge. If the blow staggered the North, it sobered and steadied it. The nation realised that it was in a real war, and it set itself, with grim determination, to the great task. Congress voted men and money, and Lincoln called to the command of the Army of the Potomac the young general,

George B. McClellan, who had been winning successes in Western Virginia, and electrifying the North by Napoleonic despatches. These despatches, his youth, and his dash had made him popular. He was a man of engaging personality, an efficient organiser and engineer, though Lincoln was soon to remark that his especial talent was as a stationary engineer. McClellan came in the brilliant style in which he always moved, and out of the remnants of the militia who had fled from Bull Run and out of the new volunteers pouring into camp—intelligent artisans of the North, hardy farmers of the West, come to fight for principle—he proceeded to create one of the finest armies in history.

Frémont, in command in the West, took it upon himself that fall to issue a proclamation emancipating the slaves of non-Union men in Missouri. If the act pleased the abolitionists, it created consternation in the Border States and added to Lincoln's burden. He revoked the proclamation, of course, and thereby saved

Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland to the Union. The abolitionists, mightily offended, talked of impeachment. They saw the moral issue of slavery rather than the political issue of union; and the clamour, led by Greeley, was long and loud. The troubles in Missouri were long to exasperate the patient man in the White House. It was the beginning of that period, destined to last so long, when he was constantly distressed by the childish piques and prides of his generals, who, considering themselves competent to command armies, could not even command themselves. But his patience never was exhausted,—not even by the impertinence of Buell, who failed to move into eastern Tennessee and stop the depredations of Confederate soldiers who were harrying and even hanging the loyal residents. But there was one general who was not so,—Grant in the West, taking Fort Henry, then Donelson, and in February, 1862, sending his famous despatch to Buckner: "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender. I propose

to move immediately upon your works." What balm to that weary spirit! They urged him, of course, to remove Grant; but "this man fights," he said. Then the "good" people told him that Grant drank. "Do you know what brand of whiskey?" he asked. "I'd like to send a barrel to each of my other generals." But it was too soon for Grant. There were yet long months of McClellan and his successors, and the only victories worth while were that of the *Monitor* over the *Merrimac,* March 9, 1862, and the capture of New Orleans in April.

McClellan, meanwhile, had been organising and intrenching his 168,000 men. Lincoln watched him intently, intelligently, and with the sympathy of a father, visiting him at his headquarters, giving him all he asked, but all his solicitude and kindness were lost. To McClellan the President's friendly visits were merely "interruptions" of his tremendous thoughts and large schemes; the cabinet were "the greatest geese"; and, being obliged to at-

tend their meeting, he was "bored and annoyed." But the President and the country were patient. The people had learned a lesson from Bull Run, and were no longer crying, "On to Richmond!" Every day there were guard-mounts and parades, and now and then reviews, brilliant military spectacles wherein McClellan excelled, which all Washington went out to see. It was a gay holiday time for every one but Lincoln, for whom there never was gayety and were never more to be holidays.

But when the autumn moved by, with its glorious weather, and nothing was done, the muttering began and increased to wrath and new dismay by the end of October, when on the 21st the blunder of Ball's Bluff occurred. Lincoln was at McClellan's headquarters when the news came from up the Potomac that his old friend, Colonel Edward D. Baker, had been killed. It was a terrible blow. C. C. Coffin saw him, "unattended, with bowed head and tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, his

face pale and wan, his breast heaving with emotion," pass through the room. "With both hands pressed upon his heart, he walked down the street, not returning the salute of the sentinel pacing his beat before the door." The fault here was not McClellan's, and, though the nation grumbled, Lincoln had not lost faith in him, and when on October 31 the aged General Scott, who had won his spurs nearly half a century before at Lundy's Lane, retired, he raised McClellan to the post of commander-in-chief, under the President, of the armies of the United States.

But now for a space he was to be distracted from the concern McClellan's immobility caused him by another difficulty, which for a time seemed likely to plunge the nation into war with England. On November 8 Captain Wilkes, commanding the warship *San Jacinto,* overhauled the British royal mail packet *Trent,* one day out from Havana, brought her to by a shot across her bows, and took from her Mason and Slidell, commissioners from the

Confederacy on their way to Europe. When the news was made public, the nation was in a high state of jubilation. But Lincoln saw the mistake; he feared the captured commissioners would "prove to be white elephants." If there were bluster and jingoism in England, so there were in America, and public sentiment favoured the keeping of the commissioners and braving another war. Of this feeling Seward himself partook, and Lincoln took upon himself the burden of diplomacy, and by his kindness moderated the too offensive tone Seward was apt to adopt in his dealings with Lord Palmerston. He had, however, by his exquisite tact and almost preternatural knowledge of men, won to his side the proud and radical Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and, though as Lincoln said slyly, "Sumner thinks he runs me," he really "ran" Sumner. While the country raged, Lincoln kept silent. Sumner was in correspondence with Cobden and with Bright, whose portrait hung in the President's execu-

tive chamber, struggling for the people's cause in England as Lincoln was in America. The British ultimatum, demanding immediate restitution and apology, was presented, and on Christmas morning Lincoln convened his cabinet. Sumner was present with urgent letters from Bright and Cobden, speaking of "your country, the great hope of humanity," and urging a "courageous stroke" to save "you and us." Lincoln was ready for the courageous stroke. Mason and Slidell were released, war was averted, and sentiment in England was so softened and appeased that John Stuart Mill doubtless reflected the best of it when he wrote, "Is there any one capable of a moral judgment or feeling who will say that his opinion of America and American statesmen is not raised by such an act done on such grounds?"

Lincoln had made no reference to this critical affair in his message to Congress in December: he knew how to keep silence just as he knew how to explain; but there was in that message a splendid paragraph expressing his

views on the labour question,—a paragraph which shows that, if he were not a political economist, he was, what is greater, a lover of humanity, and knew instinctively that the cause of the workers of the world was the cause of democracy everywhere, and that the war he was in was a war in that cause.

"Labour," he said, "is prior to and independent of Capital. Capital is only the fruit of Labour, and could never have existed if Labour had not first existed. Labour is the superior of Capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between Capital and Labour producing mutual benefit. The error is in assuming that the whole Labour of a community exists within that relation. A few men own Capital, and that few avoid Labour themselves, and with their capital hire or buy another few to labour for them. A large majority belong to neither class—neither work

for others, nor have others working for them. . . . Many independent men everywhere in these states, a few years back in their lives, were hired labourers. The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labours for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labours on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the generous and just and prosperous system which opens the way to all—gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost."

Far as he could see into the future, he could

not foresee the great change which, with economic evolution, was to come over America and the world,—a change that would sweep away the individualistic system which, in the beginning, the fathers had admirably met in their political constitution,—the system which he hoped to perfect. Perhaps he confused then, as most do to-day, political liberty with economic liberty; but he had before him the great ideal of equality of opportunity so beautifully imagined in the immortal Declaration, and so constantly before the mind of our idealist, whose dream and passion it became. In that war this superiority, the right of man as against the right of property, was at stake, and in a sense it was fortunate that the rights of property were then contended for by a compact section rather than by capitalists scattered everywhere, by a class easily recognised rather than by one that merged its identity in the whole mass of the people, for it made the issue clear.

But the cause was being carried forward

with tremendous difficulty, and almost, one might say, by Lincoln alone.

The trouble he had feared from his redemption of Davis's unauthorised promise to Cameron at Chicago had been present for some time: if Cameron was not all he should be in the War Office, he was exactly what Lincoln had expected him to be, and January 11, 1862, Lincoln offered him the post of minister to Russia. Cameron accepted, and on the 13th Lincoln appointed Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War. Stanton was a Democrat, a friend of McClellan, and had never ceased, it seems, to speak of Lincoln with that gross abuse with which he had greeted him in the McCormick case at Cincinnati in 1859. But, with all his revilings and insults, he did not hesitate promptly to accept, as a man of finer nature might have done, though a man of finer nature would, of course, never have been so insolent as Stanton was. But if he was insolent, truculent, and brow-beating, with all the petty tyrannies and injustices of the bully, and if

he often sorely tried the patient President, he was an honest man who broke the ring of contractors, and he was a prodigious worker. And he soon learned—as Seward had learned and as McClellan was about to learn—that Lincoln was master; and, though it was impossible that he should do it gracefully, as Seward did, he recognised that mastery and superiority. The appointment of Stanton is but another of many instances of Lincoln's ability to rise above all personal feelings and considerations. He had no thought for himself, for his personal or political fortune: he was wholly absorbed in the great cause. He needed men, and he took them whenever and wherever he could get them, no matter who they were. Surely, he dwelt at high spiritual altitudes!

Meanwhile, for six months, McClellan had been preparing to advance; but there was no advance. With American humour the North accepted the daily bulletins, until "All quiet along the Potomac" passed into the fixities of

common speech. The President met the situation with his almost divine patience, and, though in distress, that humour which lay so near the sadness in his nature, as it does in all great natures, came to his relief, and epitomised the situation in his observation "that if General McClellan did not want to use the army, he would like to borrow it." He had recognised his own want of knowledge of the art of war, if it is an art, and in McClellan he reposed a confidence which it was not McClellan's nature to appreciate. In December he had ventured to ask McClellan, "if it was determined to make a forward movement of the Army of the Potomac, . . . how long would it require to actually get it in motion?" And to this, after waiting ten days, McClellan returned a disrespectful reply. Then McClellan fell ill. The President was in despair. But he undertook the study of the military problem himself, and by the time McClellan recovered, in January, he had a plan which he proposed; namely, to move directly upon the

enemy at Centreville and Manassas, and to press him back upon Richmond, in order to capture that city. McClellan's plan was to move by way of Urbana and West Point, using the York River as a base. Upon the relative merits of the two plans a difference arose that continues to this day. There was a long discussion between Lincoln and his recalcitrant general, which lengthened the delay. The North divided into factions, the one accusing "The Virginia Creeper"—the nickname with which American humour inevitably provided him—of disloyalty, the other criticising Lincoln for his civilian interference with the inscrutable science of war. But Lincoln, unmoved by McClellan's conduct or by political clangour, in his "General War Order No. 1" directed that February 22, 1862, "be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces." The critics laughed, but Lincoln had, as always, his own purpose. On January 31 he ordered McClellan to seize and

occupy a point near Manassas Junction, and this forced the issue. McClellan remonstrated, and then began that long exchange of letters and despatches which, better than other words can do, reveals the characters of the two men. Lincoln was all patience, kindness, humour: McClellan was querulous, petty, and sometimes positively insulting. Washington's birthday came: McClellan did not move. By March Johnston had evacuated Manassas. Then the President relieved McClellan of command, though he retained him at the head of the Army of the Potomac.

Those were dark days. The burden Lincoln bore so patiently was tremendous, and was made wearier by the advice which was so copiously tendered him. Abuse and criticism he could endure: the newspapers he did not often read, for, as he said, "I know more about it than they do"; but he could not escape advice. Besides the daily calls of senators and representatives, Congress had created a Committee on the Conduct of the War, and the

politicians who composed that inquisitorial body could jauntily dispose of the most intricate military problems in the midst of their political schemes, and Lincoln had to surrender useful time and employ the greatest tact with them. The newspapers and the pulpits in the churches were full of counsel,—and of abuse because it was not heeded,—and there were, of course, delegations of clergymen and of bankers. "Money!" he exclaimed one day when Chase, whom he allowed to manage the finances in his own way, wished to present a delegation of financiers,—"money! I don't know anything about money! I never had enough of my own to fret me, and I have no opinion about it, anyway." And he bore it all patiently, even meekly, and went on his high, lonely way.

Besides all this, there were sombre shadows in the private chambers of the White House. Willie and Tad were ill with the typhoid fever, and night after night, after a day half-crazed by the cares of a nation, he spent watching by their beds. When Willie died, it was a blow

that overwhelmed him, and for a month he seemed likely to sink under the grief of this affliction. It proved to be one of the great inner crises of his life. Always religious in the highest sense, he seems at this time to have gained deeper insight into the mysteries of the spiritual life. "Why is it? Why is it?" he would cry out in despair, as he sat watching at the child's bedside; and, if the pious nurse who shared those weary vigils with him translated his experience into the terms of her own understanding, it is probable that her sympathy, if not her theology, comforted him.

From that hour on his tender heart was tenderer, and yearned in growing love over the nation, South as well as North, and in a thousand beautiful and pathetic individual instances softened the severities of that war which, by some strange and inscrutable fate, this most peaceful of men was called upon to wage. He himself expressed a sense of this incongruity in a letter to a Quaker, when he said, "Engaged as I am, in a great war, I

fear it will be difficult for the world to understand how fully I appreciate the principles of peace inculcated in this letter and everywhere by the Society of Friends."

While this war was being fought for the Union, the question of slavery was, nevertheless, as every one knew, at the bottom of it; and Lincoln had early seen that the two issues could not long be separated. As long as could be, he refrained from interference with the institution, but the question arose in many forms. Slaves were constantly seeking refuge in Union camps, and what to do with them was a problem which military commanders in the field dealt with as their principles or their prejudices or their politics moved them. General Ben Butler held them as "contraband of war,"—a legal trick that delighted the North and gave the slaves a new sobriquet; McClellan threatened to put down any uprising of the blacks with an "iron hand" he seemed to reserve for that exclusive purpose; Halleck sent the

fugitives out of camp; Buell and Hooker allowed their owners to take them.

But abolition sentiment was growing, and from press and pulpit there were adjurations to "set the slaves free." The torrent of advice, muddied by abuse, poured on him. With the ease with which those to whom the people have neglected to delegate the authority know how to exercise it, his advisers informed him of the people's will; and to this the preachers, in their delegations, added that it was the will of God. But he held his own counsel, thinking out a way. It was the essence of his Border State policy to avoid offence to the people there, where slavery made a problem of exquisite delicacy.

On March 6, 1862, he sent a special message to Congress, recommending the adoption of a joint resolution that "the United States ought to co-operate with any state which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid . . . to compensate for the

inconvenience, both public and private, produced by such change of system." The resolution was finally adopted, but the Border States would have none of it. On March 10 he invited to the White House the Congressmen from those States, hoping to win them to his view, which had as its object the disposition he had held to since boyhood; namely, gradual compensated emancipation. But the border members were deaf to his pleadings. Again, on July 12, he besought them, but two-thirds of them were opposed to the plan.

In the midst of this difficulty, May 9, 1862, General Hunter proclaimed martial law in Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, and "the persons in these states, heretofore held as slaves, . . . forever free." Lincoln revoked this order, as he had Frémont's, adding firmly, "I further make known that, whether it be competent for me as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to declare the slaves of any state or states free, and whether at any time, in any case, it shall have become a neces-

sity indispensable to the maintenance of government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself."

In his proclamation cancelling Hunter's order, he referred again to the "solemn proposal of the nation" of gradual emancipation to the Border States, and added: "To the people of these states I now earnestly appeal. I do not argue; I beseech you to make the arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates would come as gently as the dews from Heaven, not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all past time, as in the providence of God it is now your high privilege to do. May the

vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it!"

The scheme, of course, was impractical. Union slaveholders were not ready to give up their property, and even the most radical of abolitionists were not ready to buy them in order to set them free. But even then, as back in New Salem, Lincoln was not a business man: he was a dreamer, a humanitarian, with a vision of free men that subordinated considerations of property.

Then, relinquishing his old dream, he began to think of emancipation. Constantly he was urged to it. Constantly he argued with his callers, his volunteer advisers, in his clever way weighing the reasons and the chances. While he travailed in the agony of this problem, in the midst of all his woes there was, of course, always Greeley,—"Brother Greeley," as he called him.

On August 19, 1862, Greeley published in his newspaper an address to the President, under the imposing title of "The Prayer of

20,000,000 of People," demanding immediate emancipation. It was an unfair and foolish paper, but if the editor did not, as he imagined, represent twenty millions of people, he did represent the extreme group of radicals in the Republican party, and they could make as great an outcry as twenty millions. To this paper Lincoln thought fit to reply, in order to explain, not to Greeley,—for that would have been impossible,—but to the people. The letter is really one of his great state papers, and it has been said that "it did more to steady the loyal sentiment of the country in a very grave emergency than anything that ever came from Lincoln's pen." Its essence is found in these words: *"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.* If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some, and leaving others alone, I would also do that. . . . I have here stated my purpose, according

to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish, that all men everywhere shall be free."

The spirit and the sense were all lost on the oblivious Greeley, who retorted with abuse. But the abolitionists did not cease their agitation, and to a committee of Chicago preachers that waited on him in September, to reveal to him the will of God, Lincoln said:—

"If it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me. . . . These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right."

And he continued:—

"What good would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily

be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet."

Meanwhile, at Major Eckert's desk in the cipher-room of the War Department telegraph office, this silent, self-reliant man, without intimates, without friends, who bore almost alone on his mighty shoulders the burden of the nation's war, had been writing the Emancipation Proclamation. It was thus that he was accustomed to spend such moments of respite as he could snatch from the never-ending stream of tormentors in the White House,—the office-seekers, politicians, and volunteers of sage advice. Ever since June, shortly after McClellan's terrible "Seven Days' Fight," he had been sitting at that desk, deep in thought, now gazing out the window at a colony of spiders, now writing a few sentences. All these months he had been at work, with his slow but accurate thought and slow and clear writing, preparing the most momentous document in American history since Thomas Jefferson had written the Declaration. No one

knew what he was writing: his cabinet had no notion. He was waiting for the right time, waiting for a victory.

He waited long, in his great patience and his great anguish. Far back in April he had written McClellan: "Your dispatches complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, do pain me very much. . . . The country will not fail to note, is now noting, that the present hesitation to move upon an intrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated. I beg to assure you that I have never written you or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you so far as, in my more anxious judgment, I consistently can. But you must act." In May, sick of waiting, he had wired, "Is anything to be done?" Then, when the cautious "Little Mac" was ready, at last, the enemy had abandoned the intrenchments. He advanced, fighting, all the while demanding reinforcements, which caused Lincoln to remark that "sending troops to Mc-

Clellan is like shovelling fleas across a barnyard." He had waited, the only friend McClellan had left in Washington, and the one McClellan most flouted and contemned, until August, when McClellan's campaign ended in fiasco, and the movement on Richmond was abandoned. It was a disaster which deepened the careworn aspect of that sad countenance, but still alone in his mighty trial he struggled on. Halleck and Pope were tried; and the defeats at Cedar Mountain and the second battle of Bull Run were the result. Then, at last, on September 17 McClellan fought and won the battle of Antietam. It was not so great a victory, nor did McClellan press Lee after it had been won, but it could be called a victory; and Lincoln felt it might serve to indicate the moment for which, almost superstitiously, he had been waiting.

About the end of July he had told his cabinet of his determination to issue the proclamation. He had told them that he did not desire them to offer any advice,—he had so much advice!

—but that they might make suggestions as to details. They had been naturally silent. He had the news from Antietam at the Soldiers' Home, where he lived in the summer, and driving into Washington on Saturday, September 20, he called his cabinet together. To Stanton's undisguised disgust, he first read to them from Artemus Ward, on the "Highhanded Outrage at Utica," had his laugh, as did the cabinet, "except Stanton, of course," and then, growing solemn, he read the Proclamation. It was preliminary only, and did not promise universal emancipation; he still must save the Border States. It proclaimed that on January 1, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free"; and that "the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the states and part of states, if any, in which the

people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States."

It was all his own. "I must do the best I can," he said, "and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take." The proclamation was published on September 22.

He had kept his secret well, and the country was taken by surprise. The act was, though not wholly or heartily, sustained by the people and by Congress, though the radical abolitionists even then were not satisfied; they complained that he had been "forced" to do it, or had "drifted with events," or some such thing.

Then came the fall elections, with such Republican losses in the Northern States that Congress would have been lost to the administration, had it not been for gains in the West and in the Border States, and the prospect deepened in gloom with the approach of winter. As a result of these reverses at the polls —so discouraging that Greeley, with his un-

erring instinct for the wrong thing, was favouring foreign intervention—there were dissensions in the cabinet and the party, and these led Seward to tender his resignation. Lincoln held it until he could secure also the resignation of Chase, and then remarking, "Now I can ride; I have a pumpkin in each end of my bag," he got both secretaries to reconsider and withdraw their resignations, and avoided a cabinet crisis.

On Congress he once more urged his old policy of gradual compensated emancipation. "Fellow citizens," he wrote, "we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration shall be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honour or dishonour, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we know how to save it. We—even

we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In *giving* freedom to the *slave,* we *assure* freedom to the *free*—honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

But they were not to be persuaded. And the lonely man in the White House, with eyes more deeply sunken, bronzed face ashen and deeply furrowed, tall form bent, went about his duty, asking help nor counsel of any one. "I need successes more than I need sympathy," he said.

On New Year's Day, 1863, after the great public reception was over, Lincoln, in the middle of the afternoon, signed the final Proclamation of Emancipation. His hand was swollen from shaking the hands of the long line that had passed through the East Room, and he remarked to Seward, when he had dipped his

pen and was holding it over the broad sheet spread out before him on the cabinet table: "If they find my hand trembled, they will say, 'he had some compunction.' But, anyway, it is going to be done!" Then slowly and carefully he wrote his name. "If my name is ever remembered," he said, "it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it."

If the radical abolitionists could still find cause for complaint in the fact that he had signed it in the afternoon instead of the morning, and if the country could divide over the constitutionality of the measure and resume the ridicule and abuse which are the right of the Republic,—for many dreary, anxious months were to elapse before events justified the act, —it was well received by the people, if not by the government, of England. The sailing of the privateer *Alabama,* which the British government permitted or did not prevent, notwithstanding American protests, proved almost, if not quite, as serious as the earlier incident of the *Trent,* and strained the feeling

between the two countries; and the embarrassment at their own failure did not improve the temper of the British ministers. The government might perhaps have recognised the Confederacy if it could have found excuse, and the starving cotton-mill workers in Lancashire, idle because of the Northern blockade of Southern ports, could have furnished the excuse. But English Radicalism, led by Cobden and Bright, knew that the cause which Lincoln was representing was their cause,—the cause of the people, and of labour throughout the world; and it was a splendid and inspiring proof of the solidarity of labour that six thousand men at Manchester sent the President an address congratulating and encouraging him. In his grateful acknowledgment, Lincoln referred to the act of the men of Lancashire as, under the circumstances of their suffering, "an instance of Christian heroism which had not been surpassed in any age or in any country." Similar meetings were held in London and Sheffield, and a notable one by

the Trades Unions at St. James's Hall in March.

Thus, if governments and principalities and powers and the great and strong and powerful of the earth were sneering in opposition, the great heart of the people everywhere was with him who bore their cause so bravely; and when, a few years later, those British mechanics gave their pennies to erect a modest monument to his memory, they erected, perhaps, the most beautiful and significant memorial ever given him, when they inscribed on it his name as a "Lover of Humanity."

V

After Antietam, Lincoln came as near to losing patience with McClellan as he ever came with any one; but he wrote him another kind letter about what he considerately called "over-cautiousness," and finally, long after every one had lost faith, relieved him of his command and devolved it on Burnside. The result was another failure. On December 13, 1862, Lee defeated Burnside at Fredericksburg. All day Lincoln had been in the telegraph office, in dressing-gown and slippers, forgetting even to eat, and, when at night the dreadful news came, —more than ten thousand dead and wounded, —he was close on despair: "If there is any man out of perdition who suffers more than I do," he said, "I pity him."

Then on January 26, 1863, he put "Fighting Joe" Hooker in Burnside's place, writing him: "I have heard, in such way as to believe

it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government need a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up as dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship." Hooker read the letter with tears in his eyes. But that splendid army, too, was to meet defeat. Hooker, though a good lieutenant, was a poor chief, and when, May 2, he met Lee at Chancellorsville, "though the Federals fought like devils," he was beaten in a bloody battle. When the wires bore the news to Lincoln, his face went ghastly grey, and, with hands clasped behind his back, he paced the floor, saying piteously: "My God! My God! What will the country say! What will the country say!"

But he put all this behind him, and fixed his sad eyes, sinking deeper and deeper into their caverns, on the future. In the telegraph office he began to ask: "Where's Meade? What's the Fifth Corps doing?" And when Hooker,

angry with Halleck, resigned, he appointed Meade in his place. On July 1 the armies of Meade and Lee grappled in a death struggle at Gettysburg. Those three terrible days Lincoln was in the telegraph office, anxiously leaning over the shoulder of the operator who received the story,—Cemetery Ridge, Little Round Top, Culp's Hill, and, at last, the magnificent, forlorn charge of Pickett. Then his hopes rose. He knew that Meade had won a notable victory. And yet Meade, too, like McClellan after Antietam, failed to pursue, and Lee got away across the Potomac. Lincoln felt this failure deeply. He had always believed that, if Lee crossed the Potomac, his army could be destroyed and the war ended. Now the failure to reap all the fruits of the noble victory, bought at such an awful price of human life, would indefinitely prolong the war.

But, when he received Grant's despatch announcing the fall of Vicksburg, his spirits rose with the nation's spirits, and he issued a

proclamation, one of that series he wrote, in the solemn style of the old prophets, often in sorrow appointing days of "fasting and prayer," now for the second time, in gladness, naming August 6 as "a day for National Thanksgiving, praise and prayer."

These victories, in the East and in the West, falling by a striking coincidence on the day in the spirit of which the war was being carried on, brought him encouragement when he was in need of encouragement. The times had been full of embarrassment; volunteer enlistments had ceased, he had been obliged to resort to the hateful draft, and this, in July, had brought on riots in New York. Then there were the "Copperheads," and the "Knights of the Golden Circle," with their secret oaths, and Vallandigham, court-martialed for treason and sentenced to imprisonment. Lincoln,

"slow to smite and swift to spare,"

was not much concerned over the Copperheads, and he disposed of all the arguments about

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Lincoln at Gettysburg

Address delivered by Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States on the field of Gettysburg, November 19th 1863

Vallandigham by saying, "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?" And then (with a humorous chuckle, no doubt) he modified the sentence, and ordered Vallandigham to be conducted within the Confederate lines.

But Gettysburg and Vicksburg turned the tide; and in good spirits he summed up the situation in a letter to friends in Springfield, which must have sounded pleasantly familiar to the old neighbours he would have liked so much to visit once more: "The signs look better. The Father of Waters rolls unvexed to the sea. . . . It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and well done than at Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and on many fields of lesser note. . . . Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. . . . Still, let us not be oversanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober,

let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result."

The letter, passing suddenly from gay to grave, was characteristic. He was not always sad. Not a day passed, not the darkest hour, that he did not have his joke or tell his story. This habit distressed the literal Seward, the irascible Stanton, and others; and yet when Congressman Ashley said severely, "Mr. President, I didn't come in here this morning to hear stories: it is too serious," the light died out of the sensitive face as he said, "If it were not for this occasional vent, I should die." He liked, as we have seen, the humour of Artemus Ward, of Orpheus C. Kerr, and of "Petroleum V. Nasby," though he was not a great reader. Herndon says he "read less and thought more than any man who ever lived." But he had favourites,—Burns, whose point of view was like his own, and Byron and Bacon. The lines, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" he had loved ever since they had

been associated in his mind with Anne Rutledge, and he liked to recite Shakespeare, though in his writings he quoted little. He was fond of the theatre, and sometimes went to the play, sometimes to concerts. He was delighted with the acting of James H. Hackett, and wrote him, after a friendliness had sprung up between them: "For one of my age I have seen very little of the drama. I think nothing equals Macbeth; it is wonderful." When the letter got into print, and certain of the elect sneered at him, he wrote: "Those comments constitute a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice; and have received a great deal of kindness not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it."

As he went about the White House, in the telegraph office, out at the Soldiers' Home, even on trips to headquarters at the front, Tad was usually with him. He would sit in his lap or hang on his chair even while the President re-

ceived important callers, and we have intimate pictures of him, late in the evening, when, worn by the trials each day brought in abundance, he would lift the sleepy boy in his great arms and bear him off to bed. "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats," he wired Mrs. Lincoln at Manchester, Vermont, and later he found time to send this intelligence: "Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost. . . . The day you left Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed, but now she's gone." With this parental love there was the parental concern, and in him there was an occult strain that expressed itself in little superstitions. He was, for instance, curiously affected by dreams, which at times became portents and omens to him. Thus in June, 1863, he wired to Mrs. Lincoln at Philadelphia: "Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him." The tremendous strain was wearing on his nerves. His health had suffered; under his mighty burden he was tired,

and he slept badly, especially at the White House. Because of the callers—who of course asked "only a minute" of his time, which meant, as he explained, that, if he could hear and grant the request in that time, a minute would suffice—and because of the long weary nights in the War Office, hanging intently on the next click of the telegraph, regular hours were impossible. He ate little,—a glass of milk and biscuit or some fruit at luncheon; and though he dined at six, as he told Mrs. Stowe, he "just browsed round a little now and then."

Much of his time was spent in the telegraph office. There, when he was not looking over despatches or writing them, or studying war maps, he would chat with the operators, or perhaps only lean back in his chair, with his long legs stretched to a table, and gaze moodily out into Pennsylvania Avenue. The soldiers almost individually he had on his heart with a love that was personal. The long list of the telegrams he sent from that office are but a beautiful repetition of pardon and forgive-

ness. One finds orders to commanders in the field to postpone the executions of death sentences pronounced on deserters,—precious fruits of that day's audience at the White House. He knew how those boys at the front suffered from homesickness. He had, indeed, at his own heart, all his life, a pain not unlike nostalgia,—the pain that comes of the knowledge of life and of the suffering men make for their brothers in the world, a pain that filled him with a vast and tender pity. "Will you please hurry off the above? To-morrow is the day of execution," he frequently wrote to Major Eckert in transmitting such despatches. And he took infinite pains to seek out, in all those vast armies, some hapless individual of whom he had imperfectly heard. "If there is a man by the name of K—— under sentence to be shot, please suspend execution until further orders, and send record," he wired to Meade, and similarly to other generals.

"But that does not pardon my boy," a father

said to him one day, in disappointment at what seemed to him a mere postponement.

"My dear man," Lincoln replied, "do you suppose I will ever give orders for your boy's execution?"

He was constantly visiting the hospitals, and just a week before his assassination, as he was about to enter a ward occupied by sick and wounded prisoners, the attendant said, "Mr. President, you won't want to go in there: they are only rebels." He laid his hand on the attendant's shoulder, and said, "You mean *Confederates,*" and went on in. Such was the more than paternal love and tenderness that brooded in his great heart. No wonder the soldiers called him "Father Abraham," and the South, in after years, learned that it had lost its best friend.

Thus, through trial and sorrow and disappointment, under the most tremendous responsibility that ever weighted a leader, he came to that great character which made him wholly

and completely a Man. They sneered at him for his lack of education, and yet he might have been said to be almost perfectly educated. Certainly he was cultured; for had he not wisdom, pity, love, humour, shrewdness, and a rarely sympathetic imagination, that enabled him to put himself in every other man's place? These qualities, with what is denoted by the phrase "common sense," though in him, surely, it was rather an uncommon sense, combined in perfect equilibrium to make him the ideal American. He came to fullest expression, perhaps, in the beautiful address at the dedication of the National Cemetery on the battlefield of Gettysburg, November 19, 1863. Edward Everett delivered the formal oration, and then Lincoln, having been asked to make a "few appropriate remarks," arose, and "in an unconscious and absorbed manner" slowly put on his spectacles and read the immortal words. Those who heard were disappointed. Seward and others thought he had not proved equal to the occasion, and were glad that Everett had

been there to save the day. Everett's oration is neglected, if not forgotten, but literature will imperishably preserve these noble lines:—

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met upon a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be

dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; —that from these honoured dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The tide had turned, but more than eighteen weary months were to pass before it would be at the flood of victory. Lincoln was spending anxious hours in the War Office, his attention just then focussed on the maps of south-eastern Tennessee. He was trying to force Burnside to unite with Rosecrans, and move on Bragg. Burnside got to Knoxville and halted. On September 19, without waiting longer, Rosecrans had to give battle, and the armies clashed stubbornly on the field of Chick-

amauga. After two days of fiercest fighting, Rosecrans withdrew, and the battle would have been a Confederate victory but for Thomas, who held the Federal left and earned his name of "The Rock of Chickamauga." Thomas covered Rosecrans's withdrawal to Chattanooga, where, though demoralised, he found he had not been so badly worsted as he had thought. Lincoln telegraphed to him: "Be of good cheer, we have unstinted confidence in you. . . . We shall do our utmost to assist you." And he did his utmost. He pricked Burnside forward, ordered Sherman up, and, when Rosecrans's alarms came to him at the Soldiers' Home, he rode to Washington by moonlight, and there in the War Office was devised the remarkable plan of transporting by rail the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps under Hooker. In twelve days these veterans from the Army of the Potomac were at Chattanooga. Wisest act of all, he put Thomas in Rosecrans's place, and Grant in command of the military division of the Mississippi. Grant

came, and, with Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and Hooker under him, on November 24 and 25 fought and won the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Thus East Tennessee was cleared of Confederate occupation, and its loyal inhabitants freed from their long thraldom. The President had good reason now to issue his third proclamation of National Thanksgiving. The document, in its high and solemn style, breathes his own spirit: "No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most high God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath, nevertheless, remembered mercy." Nor could his pity forget "all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in this lamentable civil strife."

Meade, no nearer Richmond than ever, had gone into winter quarters, and now for a while Lincoln was to be burdened more with politics than with war. On December 8, 1863, he sent to Congress his third annual message, which

surprised every one by its "Proclamation of Amnesty." The proposed amnesty, offered in his own conciliatory spirit, was to be embraced on taking an oath to "support, protect and defend" the Constitution and the Union. At first the proclamation was received in good temper, but soon this changed. The politicians were jealous of the legislative prerogative, and were incapable of the forgiving spirit of Lincoln. They still hated the "rebels," as they called the Southerners who were trying so hard to secede, though Lincoln seldom called them that. And even those who could put away revenge felt that it was unsafe to restore to the Southerners all rights of citizenship upon mere protestation of loyalty. The question, too, was involved in many difficulties, among them the granting of suffrage to the negroes, in which, by the way, if at all, Lincoln believed only to a limited extent. Congress took up the subject in fiery spirit, and eventually passed a bill which was much more exacting than the President's, and beyond that

retained in the power of Congress the whole execution of the policy of reconstruction. Of this bill Lincoln could not approve, and it thus may be said to have inaugurated that unfortunate policy which inflamed the wounds already made, and which, conceived in hatred, under the great law of moral equivalents produced its ugly results of hatred long after he was gone,—a policy that would have been so wisely otherwise, had he lived to imbue it with his great spirit! But in these troubles he had consolation. At last, in Grant, whom he had been watching ever since Donelson, he had found a general. Congress created the grade of lieutenant-general,—a rank not held by any one since Washington, save Scott, and then only by brevet,—and on March 3, 1864, Lincoln gave Grant his commission and placed him in command of all the armies. A few days later Grant arrived in Washington, and these two Westerners met for the first time. The President looked at the square jaw, the determined face, and knew that he had found his

man. Grant, his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, started on that long and terrible campaign which was to end only with the fall of Richmond. "The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know," Lincoln wrote him; and Grant replied, "Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you." Strange, comforting words from a general, especially a general in Virginia! He gave Lee battle immediately, and for two days the dreadful swamps in the Wilderness were the scene of such carnage that Grant could say, "More desperate fighting has not been seen on this continent." From Spottsylvania he wired, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." But his despatches were few and laconic. To Lincoln the waiting in the War Office for news was sometimes a strain. "This man doesn't telegraph much," he remarked. The terrible sacrifice of life saddened him, and, after bloody Cold Harbour, a groan went up from the North; and yet he sent

Grant word, "Hold on with a bull-dog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible." And Grant held on, and, if the country could not realise it, Lincoln, with Grant before Richmond, felt that the end was sure.

For one day, early in July, the President himself was under fire. Grant had left the capital uncovered, and Lee detached Early's cavalry to dash into Maryland and, if possible, capture Washington. Lew Wallace held him back, however, at the Monocacy, and saved the capital and the cause. There were skirmishes as desperately close as Fort Stevens, four miles from Lincoln's summer cottage at the Soldiers' Home, and twice he visited the fortifications and witnessed the fighting through glasses, his tall form a conspicuous target for sharpshooters. An officer was killed within a few feet of where he stood, and Stanton ordered the President—rather sharply, it may be suspected—to remain in Washington. When Early got closer, his men recognised the tattered flag of the Sixth Corps, and the veterans Grant had

sent were there to save Washington. The crisis was short, but it had been big with danger. On September 3, 1864, came word from Sherman that "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won." A month later Sheridan made his ride to Winchester. Then came Farragut's daring victory in Mobile Bay.

These successes were sorely needed, for with the approach of the presidential campaign of 1864 the administration seemed to totter. The news of the fall of Atlanta and of Farragut's victory came just as the Democrats in convention were declaring the war to be a failure. Early in the year there had been serious opposition to Lincoln's renomination. Chase was graceless enough to be an avowed candidate for the Presidency against the man in whose cabinet he sat, but Lincoln was indifferent. He had a keen insight into the moods of the public mind, and an almost unerring instinct as to public opinion, and took little account of the politicians, for he sustained intimate relations with the people. The differ-

ence with Chase finally sent the Secretary of the Treasury out of the cabinet, and the President appointed William Pitt Fessenden of Maine to the vacancy. But the President never cherished ill feeling. When the aged Chief Justice Taney died, not long after, he appointed Chase to his place on the Supreme Court. Many of the radicals in his party were against him,—Frémont, and Wendell Phillips, and, of course, Greeley. But William Lloyd Garrison, Owen Lovejoy, and Oliver Johnson, wiser, more practical than the rest, supported him warmly, though the radicals and some of the Missouri malcontents held a factional convention at Cleveland, May 31, and nominated Frémont for President.

Lincoln did nothing to bring about his own renomination, and by the time the Republican Convention met at Baltimore, June 7, opposition had ceased, and he was renominated, with Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President. Lincoln was pleased, of course, and said to a delegation, come with congratu-

lations, that he supposed that it had been "concluded that it is not best to swap horses while crossing the river."

But he was to meet heavy opposition. Vallandigham, from his asylum in Canada, was running for Governor of Ohio on the Democratic ticket, the cry for peace was going up, Greeley was writing in his *Tribune* about "our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country," and the "prospect of new rivers of human blood." Lincoln's friends were losing hope, and Leonard Swett expressed their feeling when he wrote, "Unless material changes can be wrought, Lincoln's election is beyond any possible hope." But, while Lincoln humanly desired re-election, he would not listen to his friends when they proposed politicians' methods of bringing it about. He would not allow office-holders to influence their employees, he would not use patronage to buy votes, nor would he stop the draft, but in the very midst of the campaign approved an order calling for 500,000 men. "I cannot run the

political machine," he said. "I have enough on my hands without that. It is the people's business—the election is in their hands. If they turn their backs to the fire and get scorched in the rear, they'll find they have to sit on the blister."

The old melancholy settled black upon him. He felt certain of defeat. On August 23, 1864, he wrote this memorandum: "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward. A. Lincoln." He showed it to no one, but sealed it and had the cabinet members sign their names on the envelope. Then he put it away,—curious evidence of his utter devotion to duty, on the one hand, and of the strain of superstition that was in him; for

in the act there must have been some half-unconscious effort to propitiate the fates.

And yet, despite abuse and vilification such as few men have endured in silence, despite the foolish advice of panic-stricken friends, he kept his head, and went on, alone, in his own way. He was accused of prolonging the war for inscrutable purposes of his own, and, when a man known as "Colorado Jewett" wrote Greeley that two ambassadors, representing Jefferson Davis, were on the Canadian side at Niagara Falls, ready and willing to negotiate a peace, Greeley wrote the President an hysterical letter, urging that representatives be sent to meet them. Lincoln "just thought" he would let Greeley "go up and crack that nut for himself," and promptly appointed him to negotiate this peace. Greeley for once was taken aback and demurred, but Lincoln with keen satisfaction insisted, and Greeley had to go,—for Lincoln was adamant when once his purpose was fixed,—and, after days of nego-

tiations mysterious and secret, the whole thing fell through, the "representatives of Davis & Co." had no authority whatever, and Greeley succeeded, as the wise President had foreseen, only in making himself ridiculous. The newspapers published the correspondence, though not all of it. Greeley would not consent to publication unless elisions were made of items reflecting on him, and this Lincoln magnanimously waived, even though the publication in that form did him an injustice. But the incident, ridiculous as it was, convinced the people that there was no such chance of peace as Greeley and the Democrats contended.

The Democratic Convention, late in August, met at Chicago, and nominated McClellan for the Presidency on a peace platform, and his chances then seemed excellent; but Farragut's victory in Mobile, the fall of Atlanta, and Sheridan's ride disposed of their claim that the war was a failure. Though McClellan repudiated this platform declaration, his chances waned as the campaign advanced, and when

the October elections were over, with their Republican gains, Vallandigham defeated in Ohio, and all that, it was evident that Lincoln's forebodings had no basis. On the night of November 8, 1864, he sat in the telegraph office with his cabinet officers about him, and, while the returns were coming in, he read at intervals from Nasby's latest "Letters from Confederate X Roads." Stanton was indignant, and grumbled at the President's trifling. But the President was serene, and for the moment happy, in the vindication the people had given him. His mighty faith was justified, the prayer that was his very habit of thought had been answered, and his weary eyes at last saw, not far off, the end of the war.

At two o'clock in the morning, to serenaders at the White House, he spoke simply: "If I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this

evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity." He had a plurality of 494,567, and received 212 votes in the electoral college to McClellan's 21.

VI

At last, the end was in sight. Grant was beleaguering Petersburg, Sherman had marched from Atlanta to the sea, Thomas had shattered the Confederate army at Nashville, the stars and bars had been swept from the ocean. There was in the heart of Lincoln, as in the heart of every one, an ineffable longing for peace, but he demanded a "peace worth winning." "The war," he said in his message to Congress, "will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it." And he would never be a party to the re-enslavement of any of those emancipated by his Proclamation: "If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another and not I must be their instrument to perform it." He

urged the Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, and when, with the assistance of Democratic votes, the amendment was adopted, there were cheers and a mighty demonstration which Speaker Colfax's gavel could not silence or abate, the House adjourned in "honour of this immortal and sublime event," and artillery roared its salutes from Capitol Hill. Then crowds swarmed into the White House, and Lincoln expressed his gratitude that "the great job is ended."

All the while the agitation for peace went on, and finally, as the result of Francis P. Blair's efforts, early in February the President went with Seward to Hampton Roads, and there on board the steamer *River Queen* met the Peace Commissioners of the Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell. For five hours they talked, but it came to nothing. Lincoln would enter into no agreement with "parties in arms against the Government." He would do nothing, say nothing, that might be construed as a

recognition of the Confederacy as a treating power. Hunter found a precedent in the case of Charles I of England, who had treated "with the people in arms against him." Lincoln gazed across the water. "I do not profess to be posted in history," he said in his dry, inimitable way; "on all such matters I will turn you over to Seward. All I distinctly recollect about the case of Charles I is that he lost his head!"

It was perhaps only what Lincoln had expected. And yet, if he brought back from Hampton Roads nothing tangible, he brought back the conviction that the Southern cause was lost, and that the Southerners knew it; for, reader of men that he was, those sad eyes had penetrated the masque of pride worn by the Confederate Commissioners and read the hopelessness in their hearts. His own heart was centred on forgiveness, amity, and generosity. He feared that the vindictive spirit he found about him, now when the triumph should come, would keep alive the ugly hatred the

war had generated in nearly every breast but his. This beautiful spirit he breathed into his second inaugural address, comparable in dignity and in literary beauty only to the Gettysburg address. On the 4th day of March, 1865, from the east portico of the Capitol, to an audience assembled under conditions far different from those which had existed four years before, he read the enduring words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds;

to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan,—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

About the middle of that month of March, Lincoln had word from Grant telling him he was about to close in on Lee and end the war. Then on the 20th Grant telegraphed: "Can you not visit City Point for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest would do you good." Rest! For this weary man! Could it be? "I am afraid," he had said to some woman who, taking the hand that had signed the pardon of her husband and her son, had gone down on her knees and spoken of meeting him in heaven,—"I am afraid with all my troubles I shall never get to the resting place you speak of." He was deeply moved. Speed was there, the old friend, whom the war had separated from him. It was the close of a hard day, and Speed remonstrated with him for yielding to such

demands upon his sympathies. He had wearily half agreed, saying that he was ill, that his hands and feet were always cold, and that he ought to be in bed. And yet such scenes as that through which he had just passed consoled him, after all. "It is more than one can often say," he told Speed, "that in doing right, one has made two people happy in one day."

And so he accepted Grant's invitation. Mrs. Lincoln and his beloved Tad went with him; and they all were happy as the *River Queen* dropped down the Potomac, and ascended the James to City Point, where Grant had his headquarters. While he was there, Sherman came up from North Carolina, and with him and Grant the President conferred. The generals felt that each must fight another battle to end the war, but Lincoln pleaded for "no more bloodshed." He was there in touch with the final movements of the army on that night of awful thunderstorms which Grant chose for his last general advance against Lee, and the moment the news came that the Con-

federate capital had fallen and that Jefferson Davis had fled he said, "I want to go to Richmond." And so, on the morning of April 4, with Admiral Porter and little Tad, he went aboard the *River Queen;* but obstructions placed in the James by the Confederates during the siege deterred them, and, leaving the steamer, the President went on in the admiral's barge. They stopped long enough to let Tad disembark and gather some spring flowers from the river-banks, and then went on to Richmond.

Thus, after four years of war, with Tad and the admiral and his little escort of sailors, simply, on foot, he entered the abandoned capital. The city was in utter demoralisation, parts of it in flames, fired by the flying Confederates; but he walked in safety, bringing with him not the vengeance of a conqueror, but the love of a liberator. The negroes flocked to see him, greeting him with superstitious reverence, bursting into tears, shouting veritable hosannas. "Mars' Lincoln he walk

de yearf lak de Lo'd!" shouted one; and another, falling on his knees to kiss his feet, cried, "Bress de Lo'd, dere is de great Messiah!" And there was no more significant moment, perhaps, in all history than that which recognised political liberty in America, when an aged negro, baring his white wool, made reverent obeisance, and Lincoln in acknowledgment lifted his high hat.

The guard rescued him, however, from the crowd, and conducted him to the Confederate Mansion, the late residence of Jefferson Davis. He remained in Richmond two days, discussing the details of the restoration of Federal authority. His counsel was all for kindness, forgiveness. "Once get them to ploughing," he said to Porter, "and gathering in their own little crops, eating popcorn at their own firesides, and you can't get them to shoulder a musket again for half a century." To the military governor he said, "Let them down easy." And when, at Libby Prison, some one declared that Jefferson Davis ought to be

hanged, he said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." It was in this temper, the expression of a spiritual development far beyond that of any of his contemporaries, a development that centuries hence will still be in advance of the world of men, that he was already preparing to "bind up the nation's wounds."

He went back to City Point, and thence, on hearing that Seward had been injured by being thrown from his carriage, he hastened on to Washington. There he heard of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Two days later, to a large crowd at the White House, he delivered a carefully prepared address on the rehabilitation of the Southern States. In this speech he outlined the policy of reconstruction he intended to pursue, and had already applied in the case of Louisiana. He had been bitterly criticised, as usual. The address was full of his pungent personality, marked by his quaint and trenchant style. "Concede," he said, "that the new government of Louisiana is only, to what it should be, as the egg is to the fowl,

we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it." It was the last speech he ever made.

It was little Tad who said that his father had never been happy since they came to Washington. He had, indeed, under that awful burden, grown rapidly old, his laughter had failed, he had become more and more detached, more abstracted, his grey eyes were veiled, as though his physical, like his spiritual, vision were turned inward. Dreadful dreams had haunted him. On the night of the 13th he had one which oppressed him: he "was in a singular and indescribable vessel—moving toward a dark and indefinite shore." In the morning —it was Good Friday, April 14, the fourth anniversary of the evacuation of Fort Sumter —he told this dream to his cabinet, then turned to business. Grant was present, having come up from Appomattox. They wished to know about Sherman's movements.

But now, at last, he was happy, sharing with the people he loved the gladness that came with

the end of the war. The sadness in his face was giving way to an expression of lofty serenity, of sweet and quiet joy. That day he was especially cheerful. The nation in its noisy American way, with bands and bonfires and bells, with illuminations and resolutions and speeches, was celebrating the victory down in Charleston harbour. Henry Ward Beecher was delivering the oration at the ceremony of raising the Union flag once more over blackened Sumter. All Washington was celebrating, the draft had been suspended, Grant was in town, the war was over; and in the cabinet Lincoln would hear of nothing but amnesty, reconciliation, fraternal love. There were no more "rebels," he said: they were "our fellow-citizens."

He drove out with Mrs. Lincoln in the soft sunshine of the spring day. The trees were blossoming; the lilacs, which Walt Whitman has forever associated with the fragrant memory of him, were in bloom, and, as they drove together, he spoke of the future. He had

saved a little money during his Presidency, they would save a little more, go back to Springfield, and he would practise law again. And yet to the wife by his side this joy was portentous. He had been like this, she remembered, just before Willie died.

They drove back to the White House in the waning afternoon, and, seeing some old friends from Illinois on the lawn, he called to them. Richard Oglesby was among them, and they went to the President's office, where he read to them some book of humour,—John Phœnix, perhaps,—and laughed and loitered, and was late to dinner. For the evening Mrs. Lincoln had arranged a theatre party, with General and Mrs. Grant as her guests. They were going to Ford's Theatre, to see Laura Keene play in *Our American Cousin.* The manager of the theatre, with an eye to business, had advertised the fact that "The President and his Lady" and "The Hero of Appomattox and Mrs. Grant" would be there; and, when Stanton learned of it, he tried to dissuade them, for

the secret service had heard rumours of threatened assassination. He was so vigorous that he succeeded with Grant, who withdrew his acceptance of the invitation, and left for Burlington, New Jersey, to see his daughter Nellie. But Lincoln laughed at Stanton. The party was reorganised. He took with him Major Rathbone, "because Stanton insists upon having some one to protect me." Miss Harris, the daughter of a New York senator, was asked, and about nine o'clock the party entered the presidential box at the theatre. The holiday mood was on him still. He enjoyed the performance with that keen relish the play always afforded him, and laughed and joked and was delightful.

At twenty minutes after ten o'clock there was a pistol-shot. Some thought, in the moment's flash, that it was all part of the play. And then two men were struggling in the President's box. There was the sickness of the confusion of tragedy, and a woman's voice shrieking:—

"He has killed the President!"

A man leaped from the box, caught his spur in the American flag that draped it, and then, rising from the stage where he had heavily fallen, he brandished a dagger, cried out with awful theatricalism, *"Sic semper tyrannis!"* and, stalking lamely, crossed the stage and disappeared. Then horror and chaos in the theatre and in the city.

They bore the President from the theatre, and some lodger, leaving a house just across the street, said, "Take him up to my room." Thither they bore him, to the lodger's bed, and watched all the night through. The bullet, entering at the back of the head, had passed through his brain. He never was conscious any more, and in the morning, at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock, while the crowds were straining their eyes on the bulletins and the dawn had come after the blackest and most horrid night Washington had ever known, he died; and Stanton, at his bedside, said,—

"Now he belongs to the ages."

All that night the city had been in uproar, drums beating the long roll, soldiers ransacking everywhere. Seward had been almost mortally stabbed. There were awful rumours that Vice-President Johnson was killed, and Grant and Stanton. The city shuddered with the fear of some vast, unknown conspiracy. The blow had been struck so suddenly, no efficient pursuit had been made. But, as the day progressed, it was learned that the plot had succeeded only in the President's case. Seward was desperately wounded, but could recover. The others were safe. Grant was hastening back from New Jersey. Johnson had taken the oath, and was President.

The assassin was John Wilkes Booth, a melodramatic actor, one in most ways unworthy of the great name he bore. He was a fanatic in the Southern cause, and long, it seemed, cherished the plot he had at last so successfully executed that he struck down the

dearest life in America. At the stage door of the theatre he had had a horse in waiting, and had ridden off into Maryland.

All over the North, that next day, the people were dumb with grief and rage. The illuminations, the festoons, the arches, the Stars and Stripes with which they had decorated whole towns, mocked them now, and they took them down or hid them away under the black of their mourning. Men met in the street, and stood mute, gazing at each other with tears running down their cheeks, and even those who had hated and maligned and opposed him understood him now in the transfiguration through which his last sacrifice revealed him. They folded the body of Abraham Lincoln in the flag, and bore it from that lodging-house in Tenth Street to the White House, and after that to the Capitol, where it lay in state. Then began that long, strange funeral procession homeward, when it was borne back over the very route he had taken in 1861 when he went to Washington to take up his task, with pauses

and funeral marches and lyings in state in city and capital. Night, storm, and rain made no difference to the crowds. At New York, when the bells tolled midnight, a German chorus began to sing the *Integer Vitae;* and, as the train sped through the wide country, little groups of farmers could be seen, dim figures in the night, watching it sweep by, waving lanterns in sad farewell.

Long before the procession ended, the assassin, at bay in a barn in Virginia, had been shot down by a soldier, a fanatic in the Union cause, Boston Corbett. But, in the face of Abraham Lincoln, the sweeping thousands that looked upon it as it was slowly borne homeward through the States saw forgiveness and peace. He was buried May 4, 1865, with stately civil and military ceremonies, in Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield.

His beautiful dream was not to be. Shrewd, logical realist though he was, nevertheless he was essentially an idealist, and his

ideal was too high, too far. Mutual forgiveness, immediate reconciliation, brotherly love, were not for his contemporaries, and their hatred bore its inevitable fruit in the bitter days of reconstruction that followed. Because they could not understand him, the men of his time reviled and ridiculed him, measured him by the standards with which they measured themselves, and, in judging him, judged only themselves. Themselves impractical, they thought him impractical who was the most practical of men; thought him ignorant who was the wisest of men; sneered at him as uneducated,—him on whom degrees and doctors' hoods would have appeared pinchbeck and ridiculous! And his fate, in life, in death, was the lonely fate—and the immortal glory of all the prophets and saviours of the world. As the scenes in the great war receded, as the perspective lengthened and passions cooled, men came to see how great, how mighty, how original he was. As slowly they grew in the

national spirit he breathed into them, as mankind in its upward striving reached toward his stature, they began to recognise in him not only the first, but the ideal American, realising in his life all that America is and hopes and dreams. And more and more, as time goes on, he grows upon the mind of the world. The figure of Washington, the first of American heroes, has taken on the cold and classic isolation of a marble statue. But Lincoln, even though inevitable legend has enveloped him in its refracting atmosphere, remains dearly human, and the common man may look upon his sad and homely face and find in it that quality of character which causes him to revere and love him as a familiar friend, one of the common people whom, as he once humorously said, God must have loved "because he made so many of them." Thus he remains close to the heart, just as if he had lived on through the years, essentially and forever human, not alone the possession of our own

people, but of all people; not of a nation only, but of the whole human brotherhood he loved with such perfect devotion, and of that humanity to which he gave his life.

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